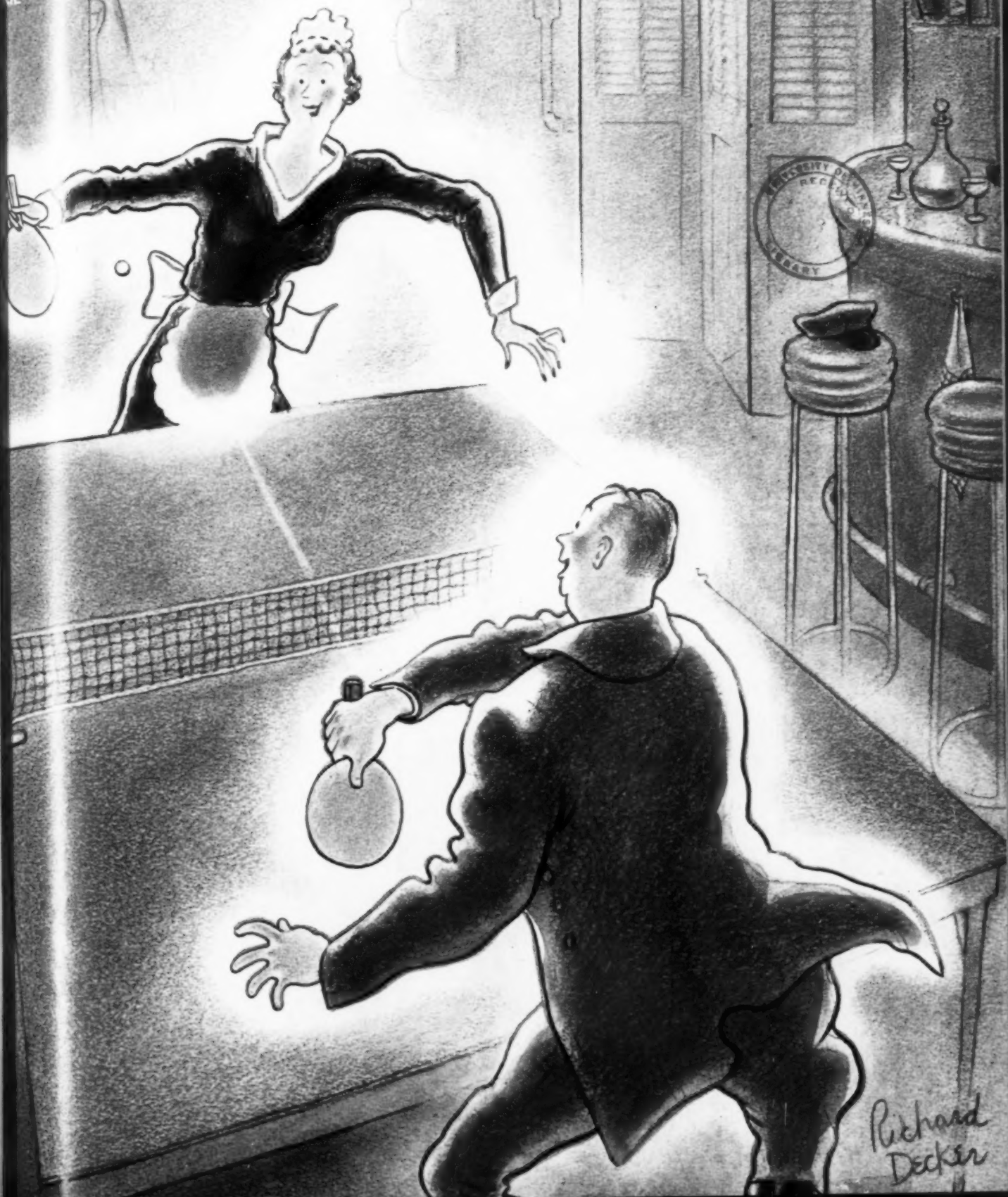


Life

FIFTEEN CENTS

IN CANADA TWENTY CENTS



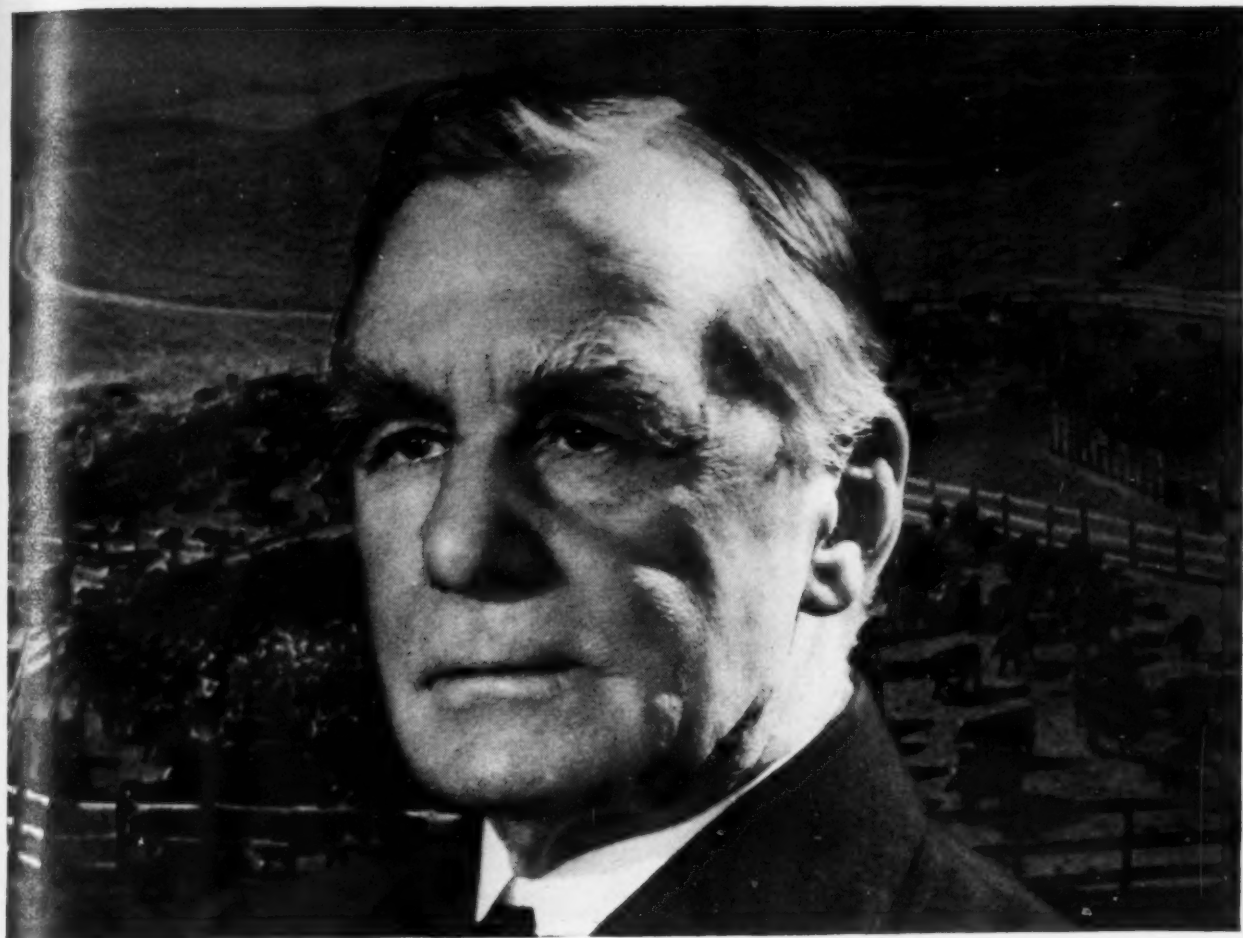


RITTENHOUSE

Square

100 PROOF STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY · BOTTLED FROM THE BARREL

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA ALSO DISTILLED FOR DIXIE BELLE RYE



Runs a Ranch as Big as Rhode Island but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!

"Pink Tooth Brush" began it

BACK in the days when the tough, coarse foods of the "chuck wagon" were his daily fare, his teeth and gums got plenty of vigorous work. But with success came softer living and "civilized" foods—and that first dental warning of danger ahead—"pink tooth brush."

His own common sense should have warned him. His dentist told him he was headed for grief. But he wouldn't listen. And today he's a dental cripple.

"Pink tooth brush" is a serious matter. You can't ignore it! Our super-refined and too well-cooked foods do rob our gums of work. Professional opinion testifies again and again—"Your gums do need regular exercise"—"they

must have work for healthy hardness."

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't encourage serious disorders such as gingivitis. Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana and care for your gums as well as your teeth. Make gum massage with Ipana a regular part of your dental health routine.

Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana with massage aids in getting a full, healthy circulation started, and in rousing sluggish gums back to natural firmness.

Begin to use Ipana. You may expect whiter teeth and healthier gums. And there are no better safeguards against the dangers that often follow the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

- *By a famous scientist:*
"The fault of present-day diets is the eating of soft food, which compels no chewing."
- *From a dental authority:*
"We do not use our mastication muscles enough . . . and thus deprive the teeth and gums of circulating nourishment."
- *A well-known text book states:*
"Massaging or rubbing them (the gums) gently with the tips of the fingers will keep them in a firm, healthy condition."

IPANA

Tooth Paste





"STOP & GO" SERVICE

Theatre—Movies—Sports—Books—Radio—Records

+ +

(For more lengthy reviews see pages 30, 34, 38 and 42)

THEATRE

George Jean Nathan

Accent on Youth, by Samson Raphaelson. Moderately amusing transcript of the hokum plot dealing with the fifty-year-old hero who tickles the vanity of the older idiots in the audience by capturing the sweet young heroine from the twenty-one-year-old college boy. *Plymouth, W. 45th.*

Anything Goes!, by Cole Porter, *et al.* Deservedly the most popular musical show in town, with Victor Moore, William Gaxton and Ethel Merman heading the cast. Even the critics are now whistling *You're the Top* in their sleep. *Alvin, W. 52nd.*

Bitter Oleander, by Federico Garcia Lorca. Rococo Spanish peasant tragedy in which all the peasants talk like contributors of poetry to the women's magazines. A sad evening all around. *Lyceum, W. 45th.*

Escape Me Never, by Margaret Kennedy. Elisabeth Bergner's widely discussed pyrotechnique is worth your attention, though the play itself is weak tea. *Shubert, W. 44th.*

Field of Ermine, by Jacinto Benavente. Another Spanish drama written in 1916 that was at least fifteen years behind the outside world's drama even then. *Mansfield, W. 47th.*

Fly Away Home, by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White. Precocious youngsters stagger their papa on his return to the old home in a patently manufactured comedy that contains a humorous line here and there. *48th St. Theatre.*

It's You I Want, by Maurice Bradell. A ghost of the old-time French farce, promptly laid. Even Hollywood would hold its nose. *Cort, W. 48th.*

Laburnum Grove, by J. B. Priestley. Nimbly written comedy about a supposedly sedate paterfamilias who suddenly confesses that he is a skilful counterfeiter—and the household's reactions. Edmund Gwenn and Melville Cooper are in charge of the humors. *Booth, W. 45th.*

Loose Moments, by Courtenay Savage and Bertram Hobbs. Well, anyway, it is good to catch mice with. *Vanderbilt, W. 48th.*

Noah, by André Obey. For the cultivated few who will be fetched by a droll little Biblical fantasy. The rest are warned that a big musical show may be more to their taste. *Longacre, W. 48th.*

On To Fortune, by Lawrence Langner and Armina Marshall. Dinty

Moore's bar next-door did an enormous trade all through its second and third acts. *Fulton, W. 46th.*

Personal Appearance, by Lawrence Riley. The adventures of a libidinous movie queen on a tour of the provinces. It all depends upon the quality of your artistic tastes. Gladys George is the Mlle. Antspants, and is exceptionally good. *Miller, W. 43rd.*

Point Valaine, by Noël Coward. Mr. Coward tries to make himself up as Maugham but his moustache embarrassingly keeps falling off. An excellent company headed by Lunt, Fontanne and Osgood Perkins wasted on a preposterous tropical sex melodrama. *Barrymore, W. 47th.*

Post Road, by W. D. Steele and Norma Mitchell. Tricky melodramatic farce-comedy about the kidnapping craft. It suffers from inexperienced playwrighting. *Ambassador, W. 49th.*

Rain, by John Colton, Clemence Randolph and W. Somerset Maugham. Revival of the slightly dated but none the less still pricking play, with Tallulah Bankhead in the late lamented Eagles' shoes. *Music Box, W. 45th.*

Rain From Heaven, by S. N. Behrman. Another comedy that testifies to the fine Behrman skill. It treats of intolerance, racial prejudice and other malaises of the current world. Jane Cowl and John Halliday acquit themselves handsomely. *Golden, W. 45th.*

Revenge With Music, by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. A very attractive show when it started, and it still has its merits, but the performances are now not up to snuff. *New Amsterdam, W. 42nd.*

The Children's Hour, by Lillian Hellman. Tense study of the effect of malicious gossip upon the lives of two young women. A credit to American playwrighting and one of the plays you should see. *Elliott, W. 39th.*

The Eldest, by Eugene Courtwright. Depressing attempt on the part of a favorite contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* to write a play. *Ritz, W. 48th.*

The Great Waltz, by Moss Hart, with Strauss music. Moss Hart is a clever lad but you'd never suspect it from this job. Whenever the orchestra stops playing, you might just as well sneak around the corner to Joe's. *Centre, 6th Ave. at 49th.*

The Old Maid, by Zoë Akins. Dramatization of the Edith Wharton story. The producer must still be using a 1910 calendar. Someone should tip him off. *Empire, B'way at 40th.*

The Petrified Forest, by Robert Emmet Sherwood. The melodramatic portions are good enough but when it goes allegorical and philosophical this professor shakes his head. The company, with Leslie Howard in the lead, is first-rate. *Broadhurst, W. 44th.*

Three Men on a Horse, by J. C. Holm and George Abbott. The scenes laid in the suburban home are dull but those alternately laid in the New York hotel are very comical. A farce dealing with race-track betting. *Playhouse, W. 48th.*

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. It has been running now for more than a year and, although the acting troupe currently on tap is no marker for the original, this Gorki-like study of Georgia crackers is still one of the recommendable theatrical sights of the town. *Forrest, W. 49th.*

Thumbs Up, by Macdonald, Crooker, *et al.* Must I tell you again that Bobby Clark, that risible runt, is in it and that you will accordingly have a good time? *St. James, W. 45th.*

MOVIES

Don Herold

(Pictures marked * not suitable for children)

A Notorious Gentleman.* Mighty nice murder. Charles Bickford, as a smart criminal lawyer, decides to commit a crime of his own, since his defense will cost him practically nothing.

Behold My Wife. Sylvia Sydney talking Apache Indian and Junior League, in a wild movie with a popeyed plot of the early Biograph vintage.

Carnival. Lee Tracy fairly bursting with the mother instinct, and Jimmy Durante assisting with the diapers.

Devil Dogs of the Air. Having covered the Navy and the Army, it was only routine for Warner Bros. to tackle the marines, and routine is the right word in this case. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien continuing where they left off, and lots of airplane shots you've seen before.

Gilded Lady. Nothing about a gilded lady. Claudette Colbert in an appealing Claude Binyon comedy about a girl and a boy and a bag of popcorn and a park bench and a young English nobleman, important in the order named.

Home on the Range. A Click Western, bringing back brittle Evelyn Brent and Jackie Coogan (who has evidently eaten his Cream of Wheat). It has cows, chickens, horses, a forest fire, a horse race, and even a mortgage.

Little Men.* Torture. A cut-rate imitation of *Little Women*, hoping to cash in on the latter's popularity. Shun this as you would a cardboard suitcase.

The Scarlet Pimpernel. Able actor, Leslie Howard, and optic paralyzer.

(Continued on page 46)

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Luckies



Copyright 1938.
The American Tobacco Company

So Little... So Lovable



AND SO DEPENDENT ON YOU

MUCH of your life is given over to keeping her well and happy. For she is so little and lovable—and so dependent on you.

During the day and through the darkness of night you have a feeling of safety and security because of the telephone. It is an ever-watchful guardian of your home—ready to serve you in the ordinary affairs of life and in emergencies.

The telephone would not be what it is today if it were not for the nation-wide Bell System. Its unified plan of operation has developed telephone service to its present high efficiency and brought it within reach of people everywhere.

Bell Telephone System



LETTERS



Gentlemen:

I was particularly intrigued by the painting of the schoolhouse by Grant Wood on p. 6 in the March issue because it might be a picture of the one I taught in in 1920-21 out in Jersey not far from the recent trial. I think I know the fellow who's driving the team and I certainly recognize some of the kids. . . . The pump was not on the grounds, but I recognize the barbed wire fence across the way. . . . I was principal, teacher of the grades and janitor, and every afternoon on leaving I set the clock back so I could be late in the morning. . . .

R. C. O'BRIEN

New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Due to a few lines written by my mother prior to her death, I learned of the generosity you showed to me whom the war has made an orphan. Circumstances have not permitted me any sooner to thank you for all that you have done for me, but I am doing so today. I do not know whether this letter will reach you, nevertheless I wish to convey the expression of my gratitude and faithful sentiments.

MME. G. ORVAIN

Redon, France, Feb. 4, 1935

[Between the years 1916-20 LIFE's French War Orphans Fund collected \$364,276.45 and supported a total of 3,881 French babies for periods ranging from one to four years.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

My wife objects to calling Mr. Eggleston's character "The Fat Lady." We invariably turn to it first when our copy of LIFE comes. It surpasses all American comics—is really funny. To us she has always been "The Dowager." Please!

KARL H. SCHNEPEL

Department of German
University of Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

May we humbly suggest that your "Fat Lady" be christened "Miss Whumsey"?

GORDON C. GREELEY

Roanoke, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm foaming at the mouth
And chafin'
Over this chap, Nathan!
Why substitute him for that rare old
Critic whimsical
Don Herold?
Herold earns a greener dot still,
But Nathan—just a wienerschnitzel! . . .

MAX AFFORD

Cumberland, South Australia

Gentlemen:

In a family consisting of father, mother and three girls in the "teen" age, a variety of tastes will naturally be found. . . . The

younger generation votes for "Marge" and "Queerresponse" and the "Stop And Go" list. The more conservative generation votes for "Some Of The People" and "Queerresponse." Personally, I vote for "Are You Sure?" . . . Since the recent change, I would prefer to ignore "The Theatre" entirely. We have probably seen its last pleasant review for a long time. May you live long and prosper.

MRS. ARTHUR PALME

Pittsfield, Mass.

Gentlemen:

In your last issue Don Herold says in his review of *Broadway Bill*: "I have observed that people who like nice horses are pretty bad specimens of people." Now I do not know who this Don Herold is or where he may have been all his life to have made such an observation. . . . As a constant reader of your magazine and a genuine lover of horses, I resent this uncalled-for insult as no doubt many other "horsey" people who most certainly are *not* "bad specimens" will also.

B. L. ULRICH

Manhattan, Kansas

Gentlemen:

I am an enthusiastic reader of your interesting magazine. . . . I have just noticed under "Travel" your item about the Missouri-Kansas-Texas railroad. The sidewinds may somewhat reduce the speed of a train, but it appears to me that the findings of the M-K-T railroad committee do not agree with science. . . . science attributes the wearing of the western rail to the rotation of the earth. You know that the earth rotates from west to east. This rotation has a tendency to put the greater part of the trains' weight on the western rail.

A. B. JOHNSON

Dunn, N. C.

Gentlemen:

Your answer to one of your own questions in a test list is incorrect. Bi-monthly, in spite of Funk & Wagnalls, must mean *twice* a month.

MARION POTTER

Greenwich, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Just to express my delight at finding one of your fascinating crossword puzzles again. I missed it terribly when it was omitted.

MRS. FAITH W. MORGAN

Richmond, Va.

Life

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Published monthly by
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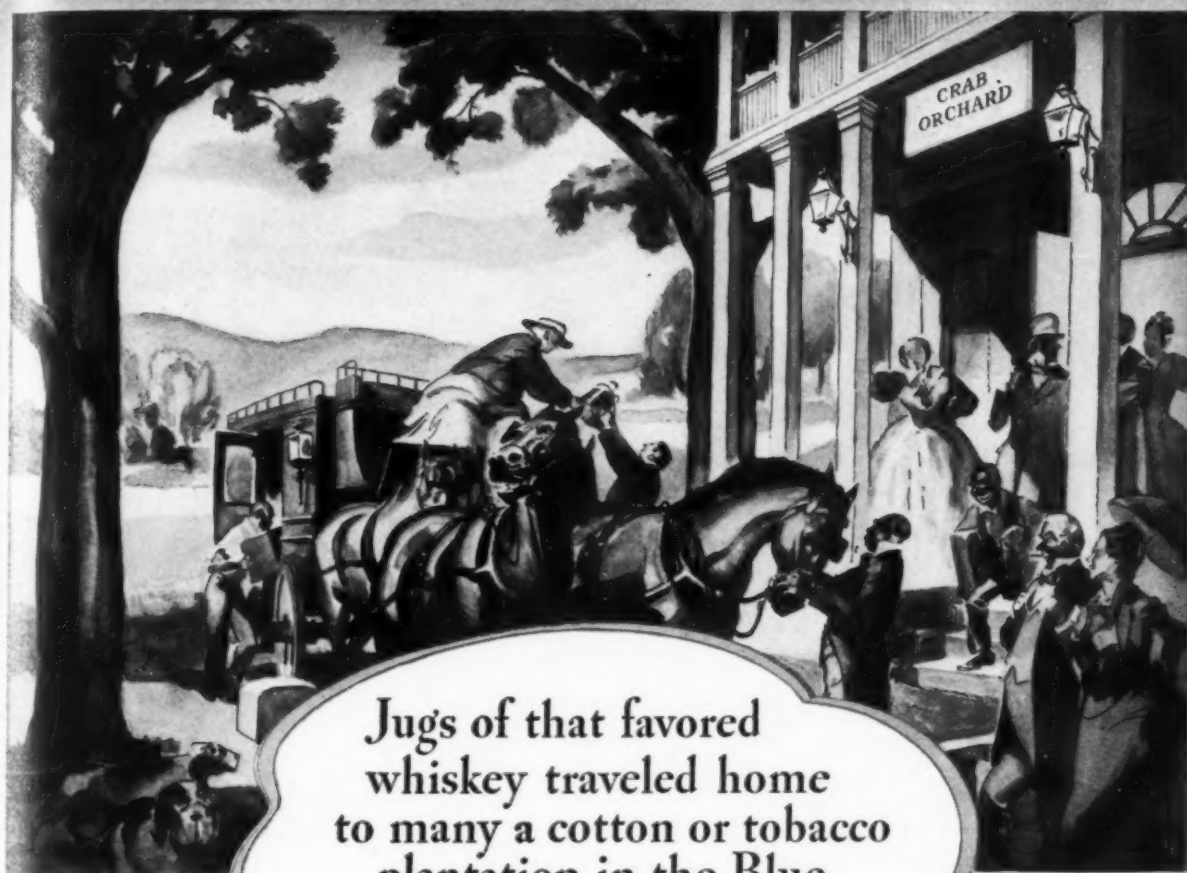
GEORGE T. EGGLESTON, Editor

GURNEY WILLIAMS,

Managing Editor

EDWARD T. HAAS,

Associate Editor



Jugs of that favored
whiskey traveled home
to many a cotton or tobacco
plantation in the Blue
Grass country



DEPARTURE from the quaint old hotel in Crab Orchard, Kentucky, was an event to be long remembered.

As they rolled away, guests might recall, with misty-eyed reminiscence, the golden-brown fried chicken, the crisp pone sticks, and other good old southern delicacies that had made Crab Orchard cooking known from Cumberland Gap clear up beyond the lazy Ohio.

They might look back and long for the clear, healthful waters of Crab Orchard's famous limestone spring.

But the menfolks took one memento with them. Grinning darky boys tenderly deposited, beside the master's feet, a jug of that rich red Bourbon which helped the tiny town of Crab Orchard spread its fame.

For this local whiskey was not only rich and red and mellow—it was economical, and that was also important in those days shortly after the peace of Appomattox.

It was that same reputation of goodness combined with economy which suddenly lifted Crab Orchard to national fame, more than sixty years later.

There had been another war, then prohibition, then repeal. People were searching for a straight whiskey made the good, old-fashioned way—at a price they could afford.

And suddenly they discovered Crab Orchard! Almost overnight, a demand began to grow, which swept across the country. And this local favorite of other years is *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey today.*

Kentucky straight whiskey
Made the good old-fashioned way
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a price anyone can pay



This Emblem
Protects You

Crab Orchard

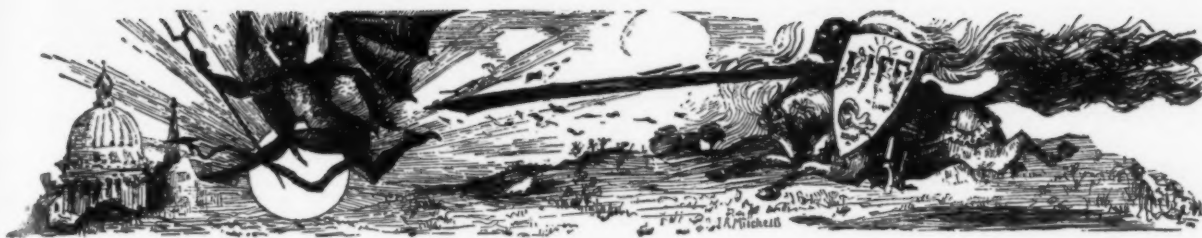
AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY © 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.



+
 THE
 AMERICAN
 SCENE
 Number Two
 +
 "Gaiety Burlesque"
 by
 Reginald Marsh
 [See page 52 for
 notes on
 Artist Marsh]
 +

Courtesy of the
 Rohn Galleries
 Engraving by Powers
 Reproduction Corp.



+ SOME OF THE PEOPLE +

OUR COUNTRY

Item

THE Department of Agriculture has developed a purple potato.

Item

THE average American has as much brain in his cranium as fifty dinosaurs.

Item

HOUSE RESOLUTION 3059, introduced by Rep. Cannon of Wisconsin, begins: A bill to amend an act entitled "An act to amend an act entitled 'An act to provide compensation for employees of the United States.'"

Horses

OUR War Department, convinced of the importance of the horse cavalry in modern warfare, has announced that present plans contemplate providing each horse regiment with six armored scout cars, 68 machine guns, radios and light commercial trucks.

Roosevelt

THE Roosevelt Fish Company of New York is, we regret to say, wallowing in crass ignorance. In fact, so is the Roosevelt Hotel, the Roosevelt Hospital, the Roosevelt Court Laundry, and most of the Manhattan telephone operators. Someone, curious to know the result of two years' publicity concerning the correct pronunciation of our President's name, sat down and called up most of the Roosevelts in the directory. The result was about what you would expect. Exactly one-half of all those called insisted upon "Rooze" instead of "Rose". It seems that the family is pretty unanimous on the matter, although one Mrs. Roosevelt on Park Avenue did insist upon the "Rooze"; it's the business firms which go anti-ad-

ministration. However, our informant tells us, there was one outstanding exception to this. He called the Roosevelt Sea Food and Restaurant, Inc.

"Hello!" said the voice at the other end. "Roosevelt Sea Food an' Rest'runt Comp'ny—what you all want?"

Convention

IF you should have a yen to convene during 1935 you may attend the Oyster Raisers' convention, the American Beach and Shore Preservation Association convention or any one of 18,000 other national, state and local meetings. During the "just around the corner" era the convention industry

was pretty much like a cat that's been left out in the rain, but the door's been opened now. This year the big Retail Lumber Dealers' Association is convening for the first time since 1933 B.R. (Before Richberg). Cincinnati is having a fine year after five lean ones. And Washington has raised \$150,000 to entertain those fancy pantsed Shriners this summer. (The last time they snake danced down Pennsylvania Avenue bank clearings rose ten million in one week.)

Spring and fall are the big gavel-rapping seasons. New York and Chicago get the largest number, but Washington is a close third. Lately Mexico

BABE IN THE WOOD

(Elected in his 29th year, United States Senator Rush Dew Holt, of West Virginia, is barred from balloting and debate until he reaches his 30th birthday in June.)

THE Senate of the United States was solemnly assembled,
When softly spoke The Speaker in a vibrant voice that trembled:
"The West Virginia Senator must not remove his coat.
The West Virginia Senator is not allowed to vote.
The West Virginia Senator must hold his silver tongue.
The Senator is guilty of the crime of being young!
While we're engrossed in sundry matters much too deep for boys,
The Senator may sit in back and tinker with his toys!"

The Senator from West Virginia nestles in his niche
And hears a dull discussion on The Whatness of The Which.
The Senator from West Virginia (sorry is his lot)
Then hears a dissertation on The Whichness of The What.
He sees his ancient colleagues striking jenningsbryan attitudes.
His ears are full of adjectives. His knees are deep in platitudes.
He hears redundant rhetoric and fantasies ethereal
And all the clear pathology of hardening arterial!

Though Mozart, at the age of nine, wrote works we play today,
The Senator is much too young to answer "aye" or "nay."
Though David slew Goliath when the kid was in his 'teens,
The Senator is much too young to know what Knowledge means.
And so he sits in silence while the calendar advances
And watches while the windbags charge the windmills with their lances.
And though he'd like to pace the floor and roar and rant and rage,
The Senator's the only one who really acts his age!

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



"Alfred is easily led astray."

City and Toronto and Montreal have been grabbing off some of our best conventions.

The biggest conventions and best mazuma throwers are the Shriners and American Legion—they bring all the way from 50,000 to 150,000 people to town. The American Bankers, National Education Association, Kiwanians and Rotarians all bring big crowds of good spenders to the lucky city, but such things as the Northern Baptists and Hadassah don't spend enough to make themselves welcome.

The annual inventors congress is always funny and gets lots of publicity in the newspapers, but it's never a success; most inventors are too poor to attend conventions and those that do don't spend. All religious groups (Zionists excepted) are poor spenders. Women's conventions cause a lot of trouble because they squawk for too much service and penny-pinch. Hotels like to see conventions of 200-500 delegates so they can fill up their empty rooms with

them and not have to force out the regular trade as they do with big conventions.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Dog Walking

MR. James Daley's Daily Dog Walking Service is actually prospering we found, upon dropping in at the D.D.W.S. offices in the General Motors building. Mr. Daley already has enough clients to keep five grown men walking dogs nearly all day long.

Mr. Daley says that his company scrupulously observes the sanitary laws of the city in regards to dogs; the dog walkers are trained to walk their charges along gutters and shun young shrubs. Each man is paid according to the number of dogs he walks and, according to proprietor Daley, will be earning a very decent salary as soon as the business

gets under full steam. The rush hours, when everyone wants his or her dog walked, occur at 8:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.

Already a lady in Virginia has written Mr. Daley, saying that she would like to apply for a dog-walking position for her daughter, who is moving to New York City shortly and who likes dogs. Pathé, Paramount and Universal newsreels have all shot Mr. Daley and his dog-walkers in action, but notoriety has done little to change the modesty of this former apartment house superintendent. If great wealth and prosperity eventually come to him he'll always remain plain James Daley. Meanwhile, he estimates, there are some 3,000 dogs to be walked in Manhattan and Mr. Daley is out to get the job of walking most of them at a modest charge of \$5.00 a month for one walk per day, \$8.00 for two walks, and \$12.00 for three, Sundays excluded.

The walks average 20-25 minutes each and a blanket insurance policy protects the Daley Dog Walking Service from "direct loss or damage, theft, holdup, death and destruction resulting from or made necessary by fire, lightning, tornado, windstorm, accidents, and fights with other dogs" up to \$200 per dog.

Reptile Market

IF you really want to earn cash in your spare time then we suggest you try catching water snakes. It seems, according to E. Ross Allen, director of the Florida Reptile Institute, that the reptile market is booming and that there is a crying need for water snakes at 20 cents each. However, if you have a good diamond rattler that's annoying you, you can get \$1.50 for him. The market price for alligators is pretty steady at 20 cents for babies, \$1.00 for a five-footer. Turtles bring up to 40 cents.

Pennies

ONE of our researchers dropped a penny in a gum machine the other day. The machine buzzed, a piece of gum came out, and with it the idea of finding out how much gum was sold in vending machines all over New York.

He was told that penny machines on the 8th Avenue subway lines sell about seven million sticks of chewing gum

and a million and a half pieces of chocolate per month, in addition to twenty thousand pounds of Spanish peanuts from Georgia. But the 8th Avenue Lines represent only a small part of the 12,000 vending machines in New York. The company that controls the vastest of them—B.M.T. and I.R.T. subway and elevated lines—told him the information was "of too personal a nature" to be given out. In other words, what the public does with its pennies is nobody's business.

It looked like an impasse, until the office boy hit upon the idea of counting all the subway and elevated stations in New York and multiplying by the average per station business reported for the 8th Avenue Lines. In this way he arrived at the unofficial total penny-machine consumption per month: forty million sticks gum, nine million pieces chocolate, fifty tons peanuts.

Total slot machine expenditures by the country at large have just been estimated at \$500,000,000 a year. This includes nickel machines that spray perfume and count your pulse, if you care for that.

ENTERTAINMENT

Item

A DRAWER in the picture collection of the Art Department of the Minneapolis Public Library is labeled: MODERNIST ART—NUTS.

Song Snatchers

FOR a little excitement, copy down the words of the latest songs, find a printer who will set them up, sell off the sheets at a nickel apiece, then run like the devil. You will have to run pretty fast, too, because the swiping of song words is a Federal crime and what is more there is an alert gentleman named Arthur Hoffman who would gladly stay up all night to see you in jail.

Officially Mr. Hoffman is head of the copyright department of Leo Feist, Inc., but mostly he travels around the country prosecuting musical thugs. "Every time you hand out a nickel for such a song sheet you hire a thug," says Mr. Hoffman briskly, bitterly.

Rounding up a song sheet gang is long and complex, involving a lot of evidence. The idea isn't so much to

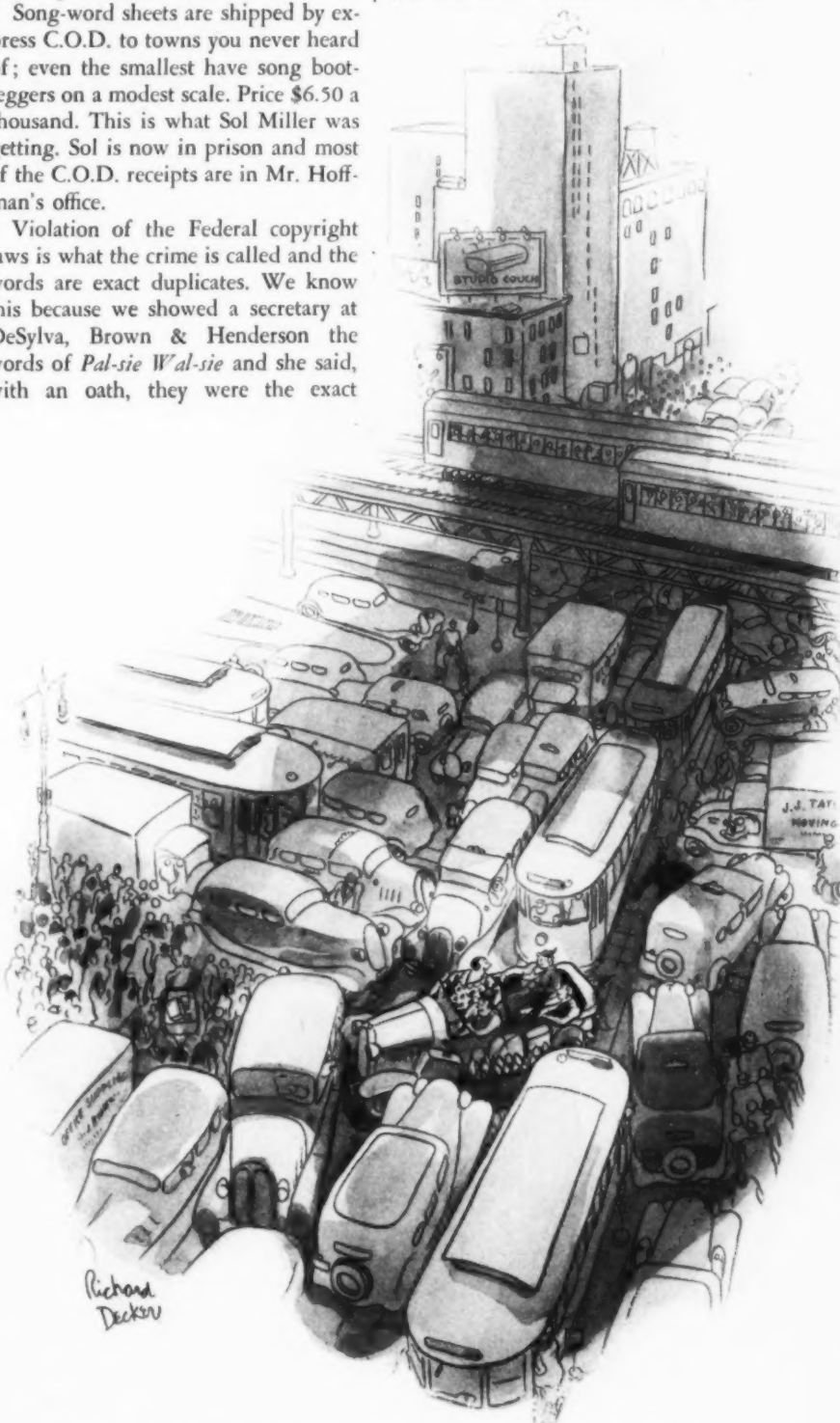
collar the wretch on the street who may take in only \$10 to \$15 a day, but to get the publisher, who for some reason omits his name. You may find this individual anywhere in the country, perhaps in Chicago, Philadelphia or the Bronx. If he lasts six months he may clean up as much as \$100,000.

Song-word sheets are shipped by express C.O.D. to towns you never heard of; even the smallest have song bootleggers on a modest scale. Price \$6.50 a thousand. This is what Sol Miller was getting. Sol is now in prison and most of the C.O.D. receipts are in Mr. Hoffman's office.

Violation of the Federal copyright laws is what the crime is called and the words are exact duplicates. We know this because we showed a secretary at DeSylva, Brown & Henderson the words of *Pal-sie Wal-sie* and she said, with an oath, they were the exact

words. The oath was delivered under her breath, with clenched teeth.

The printing of these sheets is usually nothing to yodel about. In a single publication called the *New Liberty Songster* we find a song labeled *Okal Tools* and beginning: "Okay oTots, if you like me." A little further is one



"Shall we pause here and contemplate New York's busy hubbub?"



"May I come in?"

called *Where There's Smoke There's Fire* and some sort of a dance is nicknamed *hTe Continetal* becoming, later on, the "continetal" and always the "sog of romance".

Try and tell Mr. Hoffman there's no demand for poetry.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Squirrels

JUST what a press agent with a thumping good imagination can do we have recently learned from a chap who knows Arthur Lockwood.

Press agent Lockwood, it seems, last year had for two of his clients the London Pet Shop and the Yonkers Ferry. The pet shop had a moth-eaten Mexican squirrel which it was anxious to get rid of, and the Yonkers Ferry just wanted plain publicity.

One day, while Mr. Lockwood was racking his brain for inspiration, he ran across a story in the papers concerning the slow westward migration of game over the course of decades, a trend which would eventually leave the Atlantic seaboard holding the sports bag. To him was born an idea.

Next morning the city editors of two

New York dailies were startled to receive a phone call from "an official of the Yonkers Ferry Company" stating that employees of the ferry, upon going down to the boat at 6 a.m., had discovered the banks lined with squirrels vainly trying to cross the Hudson and satisfy their urge to go West. When the gangplank was lowered, the squirrels, despite all efforts to stop them, had scurried aboard and remained hidden until the ferry had crossed, when they scrambled ashore in a beeline for the Pacific Coast.

Sceptical, the editors shelved the story for further checking and were about to get out the noon edition when "an official from the London Pet Shop on Fifth Avenue" called frantically to know if the story about the squirrels migrating westward on the Yonkers Ferry was true. If it was, then the pet shop was sure that a very valuable Mexican squirrel, which had escaped, was among them. Furthermore, the voice said, the squirrel had been acting strangely for days, peering hopefully westward and running frantically about in its cage whenever the setting sun slanted its rays through the door.

Next day the story was printed in

three New York dailies and broadcast all over the country by the press associations. The following week, *News-Week* carried the story and the New York Central endeavored to climb aboard the bandwagon by solemnly stating that a herd of squirrels had been discovered at Harmon, N. Y., whence they had come on freight cars, awaiting the west-bound first section of the Twentieth Century Limited.

The climax of the whole poppycock story came the following month when the *Literary Digest* ran a two column article by Dr. H. E. Anthony of the American Museum of Natural History. The title of the piece was "Sun Spots and Squirrel Migration" and it dealt at length with the Yonkers Ferry squirrels and their primitive urge to follow Horace Greeley's advice.

The last we heard, Mr. Lockwood was still at large and still in the East.

GREAT MINDS

"If I was running the country, I'd guarantee a fortune of not less than \$5,000, and more if necessary, to every American family."

—Senator Huey P. Long.

"I know Huey Long, and admire him for fighting for his ideas."

—Clarence Darrow.

"The only way for us to get out of this here depression is to secede from the United States."

—Senator Huey P. Long.

"Senator Long is no shrinking violet."

—Norman Thomas.

"Enceinte? Mon Dieu, non!"

—Mrs. Dionne.

"I have always considered the Chinese race the most beautiful on earth, both physically and intellectually."

—Barbara Hutton Mdivani.

"I object to my plan being called 'cockeyed'."

—Dr. Francis E. Townsend.

AN OPEN LETTER ON OUR RADIO LISTENING HABITS

TO whom it may concern:
(Especially radio chains, advertising agencies, etc.)

Gentlemen: Twice in the last couple of weeks, I have been called to the telephone during the evening and asked if I were listening to some radio program or other. I tried to answer courteously and clearly, but something—maybe it was the way one of the inquirers said, "Damn!" and hung up—told me that I was falling somewhat short of actually getting my reply across. It seemed really to confuse rather than enlighten.

This letter is intended to clear up the situation, and I hope that you will find it does so.

The young ladies who telephoned—I assumed they were young; at least, they sounded young, and beautiful—asked first if we had our radio going. I replied, yes, of course. As I told them, our radio is always going. We used to turn it off and on from time to time but that got to be a nuisance, and now we just leave it on.

The second thing the young ladies wanted to know was whether we were listening at the moment to—I believe; the name did not register strongly—the Peerless Depilatory Hour of Mirth and Melody.

I said I didn't know but that I would ask my wife. You may think it funny that I shouldn't know what program I was listening to, with the radio blaring away only a few feet from my head. Well, it's like this. Time was when I listened to every word that came out of the radio, straining so as not to miss even a syllable. That time was the first week that we owned a radio set—about the second or third week in November, 1927. But now I'm afraid I've got so I scarcely hear a word, even with the radio going full blast. Why, I can read or play bridge or talk and not mind—I mean, not really hear—the radio at all. I explained all this to your young ladies and said I'd ask my wife.

My wife said, "What?" three times when I asked her what program was going on, and then demanded how the such and such I expected her to know. You see, she was working a crossword puzzle one time and was making heavy weather of a job of knitting the other time, and her mind was far away from

the radio, even though she sat beside it. Matter of fact, she didn't like being interrupted at all and she so expressed herself, which took time, too.

I REPORTED back to your young ladies, advising them of my non-success, and suggested that if they would care to wait, I would make it a point to listen to the announcement at the end of the program and then come quickly and tell them if it was the right one. But your young ladies seemed to be in some hurry, and they began to

shoot questions at me. Was it dance music? Were there two Jewish-talking comedians? Was there a chorus of mixed voices? I said I would listen; and report back.

So I listened for ten minutes or so and returned to the phone. It was dance music, all right. But about those Jewish-talking comedians, I was of two minds. As I told your young ladies, there were two men talking in some sort of dialect that I couldn't understand, so they may have been Jewish-talking, all right. But it didn't sound funny to me, so I wasn't sure if they were comedians or not. As for the reputed chorus, I hadn't heard any. But if they wanted me to, I would go back. . . .

At this point, I believe that the young



"Would you mind closing that window? Your radio is driving us nuts."



"Mr. Hartwick hasn't given me any dictation since we left New York."

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FOUR ALARM

ladies began to lose the fine edge of their patience. I know I heard one of them mumble something under her breath and it sounded Chaucerian. Be that as it may, they then tried to pin me down by asking if I was listening to Station WPDQ. By dint of the utmost concentration I came to the conclusion that the station we were listening to was either WPDQ or WWW. Which one, I just couldn't decide. After all, one station or another—what's the difference?

WELL, that's what I reported to your young ladies, and it was at this juncture that one said, "Damn," and hung up, while the other just hung up—perhaps saying "Damn" afterward.

I am awfully sorry it turned out this way both times. We really wouldn't know what to do if we didn't have the radio programs to turn on every day. I remember one time when our radio wouldn't run, and we had a pretty unpleasant evening. My wife complained that the house was so still she couldn't keep her mind on the letters she was writing, and I know that I had a terrible time concentrating on my book.

Keep up the good work, and call on us whenever you think we can help you.

Gratefully yours,

—JOHN C. EMERY

ETERNAL FEMININE SUFFIX

HE: Well, what time shall I meet you?

SHE: How about four-thirties?

HE: And where?

SHE: Oh, Biltmoreish, I guess.

HE: Okay, and what'll we do?

SHE: Well, I don't know how I'll feel—teaish, or movieish.

HE: Anything you like.

SHE: You're awfully sweetish.

HE: Thanks. Where are you going now?

SHE: I feel sort of homeish and bedish at this point.

HE: Okay . . . Can't I take you in a taxi?

SHE: I don't feel taxiish, my dear. But I feel rather Fifth Avenue busish.

HE: Okayish.

SHE: You sound a little drunkish, old boy . . . I think I'll go home aloneish, if you don't mind.

—LLOYD MAYER

MY wife said into the phone, "Is this the fire department?"

Apparently it was.

"I'll tell you what's happened up here," she said, giving our address. She was admirably calm. "A kettle of French fried potatoes caught fire, and of course it's all oil, and pouring water on it only makes it worse. You can't pour water on troubled oil, can you? So I want you to send a man up here—just one, do you understand?—with some chemicals. There's no need for a fuss, but he ought to hurry. The flame's getting up toward the ceiling."

Perhaps it was three minutes. We heard the uproar coming from a long way off—the siren blowing, whistles splitting traffic. Heads showed in every window for a block around, and three red trucks rolled fully equipped to the curb.

"This can't all be for us," I thought. There's something obscene about a fire truck in front of your own house. It happens to other people but never to you.

A voice in the lower hall was saying,

"Third floor, men," and then there was a soft dragging noise of hose on carpet, and an occasional click against the banister: axes. They arrived.

"What!" asked my wife a little hysterically. "No ladders?"

The boys weren't answering. Past the kitchen and its rolling smoke they went, and advanced on the living room. They stopped there, large, impersonal. All except the axes. That was the tip-off, the way they fingered those axes. There was something too eager about it. You could see the axes straining to get away and go to work on our single and probably inflammable etching. A fireman opened a window and measured the distance to the davenport, and you could foresee the davenport hurtling to the crowded street below. They tapped the wall on the kitchen side. Hollow, obviously, and dangerous. The man with the hose nodded to an assistant, and the assistant answered with a solemn, fearful joy. Hell was going to break loose here at any second.

"The kitchen," my wife said, "the kitchen. One, two, three. four—The

"That table you sent me was made of green wood!"





"Sometimes, Julia, I wish you'd never taken that trip to New York."

last one into the kitchen is an old rummy."

"Well, well," said a large voice from the kitchen. We ran to it. "Well, well," said the chief, and he picked up a section of newspaper, carried it to the sink, soaked it under the faucet, and placed it on the kettle of burning French fried potatoes. The flame, smothered, went out. It was like the tiny tinkle after one of those gaudy machine effects in a Joe Cook show.

"Why didn't you tell me over the phone to do that?" my wife demanded. "That would have saved you all this trouble."

"It's been a dull day, lady," the chief said.

The boys were filing out of the living room, still fingering the axes. Definitely, they had been cheated. You had the impression that only discipline restrained a righteous indignation.

The hose recoiled on itself, reluctantly.

"Don't light that cigarette," my wife told me, "or they'll go slashing back in there."

"Don't feel that way, lady," the chief said, starting downstairs. He seemed really hurt. "The boys are just restless, that's all. Give us some real fires and we wouldn't bother with a job like this."

"Do you have a lot of fires?" I asked. "Quite a few," he said, just a little proudly.

We said it together and, I'm afraid, a trifle bitterly. "Have fun."

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you very much."

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS

Administration critics don't think much of the public works program. Every one would like to see the works given to Huey Long.

VENTRILLO

IF at any time I feel the need for a good case of nostalgia I merely look back on the days that I spent practising to be a ventriloquist. All the magazines that I read in my youth contained an advertisement showing a frightened porter carrying a large trunk, from which issued loud cries of "Help! Help! Let me out!" Standing a few feet away from the porter was a small, grinning boy who, I was led to believe, was causing this exciting disturbance with the aid of a small device called a Ventrillo which he was holding in his mouth. There were times when I envied this boy more than I did Tom Swift, and it was during one of these periods that I gathered courage enough to send the company a dime. They also promised, in their advertisement, a free book on "How To Imitate Bird Calls," and I felt at the time that I was getting a pretty neat bargain.

For days I haunted the mail box, and finally the mailman handed me an envelope with my own name, prefixed by a soul-filling "Mr.", typewritten on the front. I ripped the package open, and a little tin-plated device (German silver, the booklet of instruction said) looking vaguely like a miniature matchbox fell into the palm of my hand. I ran upstairs with my prize because I had decided to keep the trick a secret until I could frighten the wits out of the family by throwing my voice under the table during supper.

Once in the attic, I opened the book of instructions and learned that the first move was to put the Ventrillo against the roof of my mouth and hold it there with my tongue. Then I was to force air through it. I put it in my mouth, pressed hard with my tongue, and forced air for all I was worth. The best that I could do was make a noise that sounded something like "tseet, tseet," and which came very noticeably from my mouth; not from the far corner of the room where I had attempted to throw it. This was really a bitter disappointment, but I hoped that further lessons would reveal the secret.

LESSON number two was pretty much of a shock. The book informed me that the next thing I had to do was change the pressure on the Ventrillo, and thus create varying sounds. With these varying sounds I



the only thing that kept me practising. I was able, after a while, to create several sounds in addition to "tseet"—notably "tsaat" and an unpleasant noise something like "tsoot". While this still limited my vocabulary to a great extent I continued to practise, until one day a peculiar echo made an especially vigorous "tseet" seem to come from the corner of the room. I stood very still, looking into the mirror to make sure my lips weren't moving, and said "tseet" again. Again the noise came from the corner of the room. I immediately gave up all idea of keeping the trick a secret, and ran down to the kitchen where Mother was mixing some cookie dough.

"Mo'er, Mo'er, 'ishen!" I cried, my enunciation considerably impaired by the presence of the Ventrillo.

"Yes?"

I leaned nonchalantly against the kitchen table, kept my lips immobile and started in:

"Tseet, tsaaat, tseet, tsoot, tsaaat, tseet, tsaaat."

MOTHER kept right on stirring and didn't even glance over into the stove, where I had decided to throw my voice.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" She had been looking at me during the performance, and I must have looked pretty awful with my rigid lips, throat working violently, and eyes bulging with the strain.

"What's the matter?" she repeated.

"Tseet, tseet, tsoot, tseet," I replied, throwing my voice into the ice-box for variety.

"Stop making that noise and tell me what's the matter."

"'othing'sh w'ong," I said.

"What have you got in your mouth?"

By this time I had managed to slide the Ventrillo over in my cheek.

"I haven't got anything in my mouth," I said. "I'm practising to be a ventriloquist."

"Take that nasty thing out of your mouth before you cut yourself," Mother said, visibly unimpressed, "and go upstairs and change your shoes before Daddy gets home."

I WENT upstairs, resolving on the way to practise with my Ventrillo until I could embarrass Mother by throwing my voice in her direction while we were in church. When I reached my room, I again stood in front of the mirror, shifted the Ventrillo back to the roof of my mouth, and stiffened my lips.

"Tseet," I said.

There was no sound from the corner of the room, and because my lips were beginning to ache I put the Ventrillo in my top bureau drawer.

The Ventrillo lay there for two years, and I discovered it one day when I was cleaning out the drawer. I was going to give it another try but it was pretty rusty, so I threw it away. The booklet on "How To Imitate Bird Calls" followed it into the wastebasket.

—ROBERT SELLMER

IMPENDING TRAGEDY

"WHAT'S another word for vats?"
"Cisterns."

"Not cisterns. Another word, beginning with 't.'"

"Tubs?"

"No, not tubs. Well, never mind that. What's another word for snakes' teeth?"

"Tusks."

"No! Tusks are on elephants!"

"Molars?"

"I said snakes' teeth! Snakes haven't got molars. I mean the two sharp teeth in front that a snake bites with."

"I know! Incisors!"

"Oh, well, never mind, never mind. Skip it."

"Well, what *is* another word for snakes' teeth?"

"Fangs, of course."

"What?"

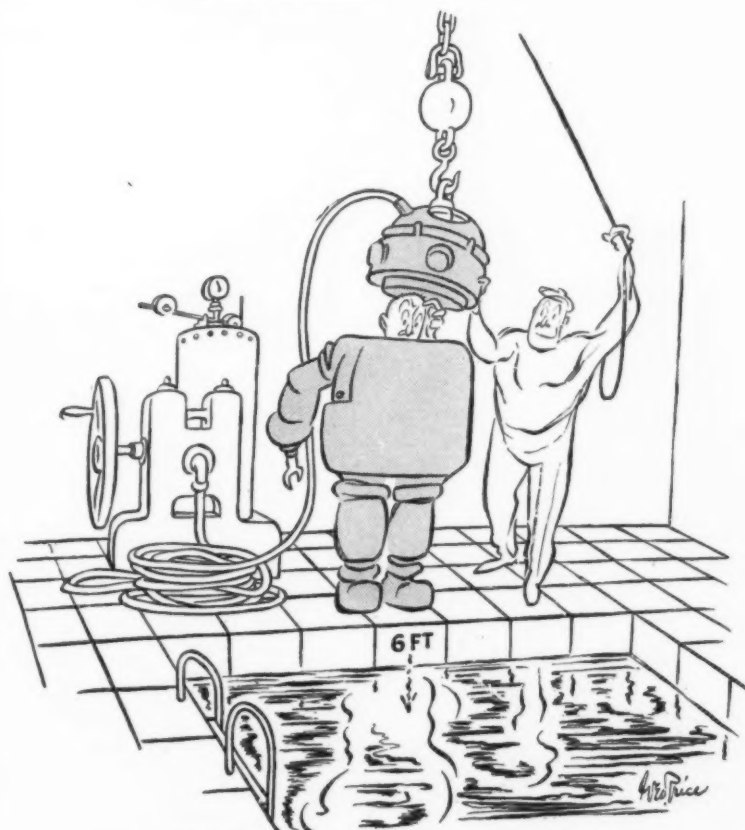
"Fangs! Fangs!"

"You're welcome."

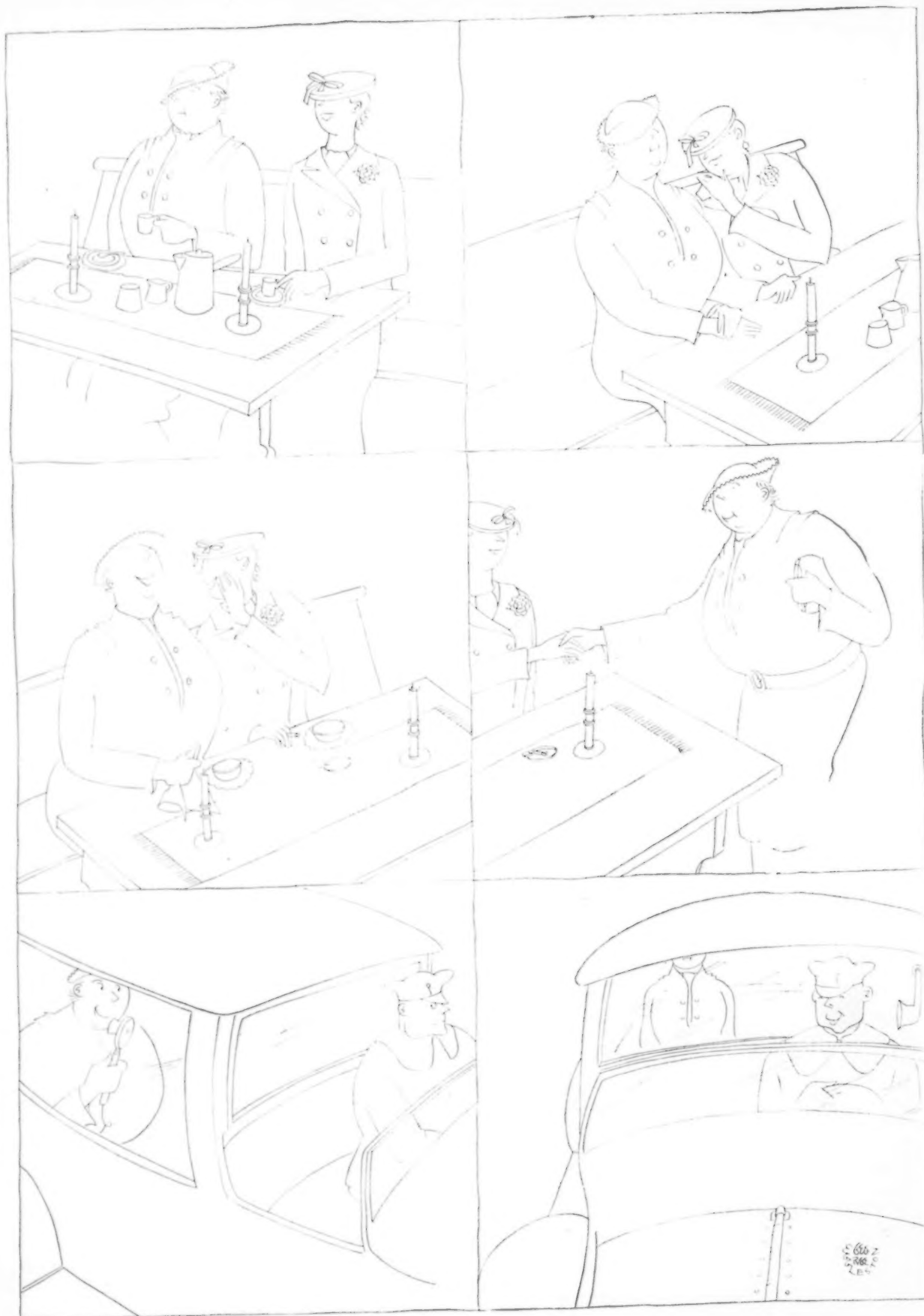
—E. W. S.

+

Hillbilly songs are said to sell better than any other records. Maybe that's because when they're worn out you never know it.



"I wonder if I'm being sent on a fool's errand?"



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OUR NATIVE INDUSTRIES—III

SOUND EFFECTS



THE early days of radio will be recalled with varying degrees of exasperation as a time of fishing with a limp wire for the elusive "hot spot," getting tangled up in aerial wire and brief ecstasy when the earphones squeaked out the signature of a station more than a hundred miles away.

They were brave, gay days.

But when the infant industry became a full-grown colossus almost overnight, most of the haphazardness went out of it. As the giant networks spread, more and more highly specialized jobs sprang into being, and men were drafted from all walks of life to fill them—among them a professor of English from Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois. By 1929 the process of specialization had reached the point where NBC was ready to create a special Sound Effects Department. The ex-Knox-prof, now an NBC program director, remembered a personable chap named Ray Kelly, who had rattled the off-stage thunder with ominous effect as stage manager of the Knox Dramatic Club. Kelly was summoned, Kelly arrived, and Kelly is now in charge of NBC sounds, heading a staff of 14 men.

Up to this point, Kelly hadn't done much serious thinking along the lines of sound. Born in 1905 in the oil country of Oklahoma, he went up to Knox in 1923, graduated in 1927, and went on to Washington University in St. Louis to study geology and learn more about how to be an oil man. When the oil business hit another slump he decided to get along without it, and went to Harvard Law School. Then came the message from the old Knox prof. He went to New York, got married, and settled down to inventing noises for NBC.

He soon discovered that the best possible laboratory was the kitchen. This precipitated a minor domestic crisis. Mrs. Kelly is a stickler for keeping a tidy house, with particular emphasis on

a tidy kitchen. It was about all her nerves could bear, at first, to have to sit idly by and watch her husband play havoc with her kitchen. He'd whirl the egg-beater (lawn-mower); rattle peas in the dish pan (rain); drop salt on a newspaper from various heights (rain, different kind); build up a pile of pots and pans, skillets, kettles and tins, and then kick it over (auto crash); break match boxes (opening boiled eggs); fill a bowl with corn starch and crunch it with a wooden mallet (men walking in snow); rattle plates in the cupboard, and generally give full rein to the spirit of experiment.

Kelly's quest for sounds often carries him beyond his own premises. One day he noticed that the hinges on his neighbor's front door had a beautiful squeak. Squeaking hinges are in great demand

in the Sound Effects Industry, because nothing sounds *exactly* like a squeaking hinge except a squeaking hinge. The neighbor gladly permitted NBC to replace his hinges with new, squeakless ones, and Kelly carried off his prize.

SOME idea of the rarity of the squeaking hinge may be gathered from the fact that the studio keeps 20 doors on hand, each classified according to the quality of its squeak. Once they took a door up to the roof and left it to the elements for weeks in order to develop a really sinister squeak for a mystery story broadcast. On the day it was to be used it was brought down and left standing in a hallway, where a conscientious porter found it, tried it, and oiled it. The broadcast had to go on, and Kelly had to do some quick thinking. In the nick of time he hit upon the idea of drawing a violin bow over a wooden fruit box. It got by.

Many of Kelly's kitchen experiments were carried over to the more spacious



"The zoo wants to borrow some mating calls."



"Mrs. Diffney is jealous of our new lamp, Arthur."

laboratories in Radio City for further development. The dropping-salt-on-paper stunt yielded the "rain machine," a contraption that stands six and a half feet high and looks like a badly conceived cookstove. It has a motor-driven feed valve which drops birdseed on a changeable surface. Birdseed on a metal surface sounds like rain on tin—birdseed on parchment gives you rain on pavement, and so on. You can regulate the speed and get anything from a light drizzle to a cloudburst. Other kitchen-tested devices were taken directly to the mike.

WHEREVER possible, Mr. Kelly explains, sound effects are obtained by simply playing a recording of the actual sound. He has some 600 records available, covering nearly 7,000 different sounds including general confusion, excited crowd, boos and hisses, and mumbling (male and female). The Gennett Company of Richmond, Indiana, specializes in sound records. Jungle sounds were recorded at the Cincinnati zoo, football noises at the Purdue-Indiana game of 1932, auto races at the Indianapolis speedway, surf sounds on the coast of England, small town noises at Richmond, Ind., and city noises at Broadway and 34th Street. Nearly all the records except auto crashes and hurricanes were made from the original sound.

By changing the speed at which it is played, Kelly can sometimes get three

or four different effects from one record, or create brand-new effects by a combination of records. One script called for the sound of a glacier cracking up. A record of popcorn popping, played at 20 revolutions a minute, combined with one of bacon frying, played at 30 r.p.m., did the trick. Artillery fire played at one third the usual speed makes very creditable thunder. The use of laughing records and applause records has been abandoned almost entirely, Mr. Kelly says, because the effect is too obviously faked.

There seems to be no limit to the variety of noises a sound effects man is called upon to deliver. The script for one broadcast had a man jumping from a skyscraper and landing on the pavement 50 stories below. The sound department came in on the landing end. Kelly took a melon up to the mike and squashed it with a mallet, and NBC got several letters protesting against the gory realism.

After five years of accumulating sound devices, Mr. Kelly feels that the NBC Sound Department is pretty well equipped. There's a large assortment of auto horns, bells, gongs, sirens, coin telephones, and cash registers. A wagon wheel rigged up with a crank and turning against rollers takes care of wagon sound. Change the surface of the rollers—and you change the pavement over which the wagon is

supposed to be rolling. Several large tanks, some equipped with paddles and some suspended on rockers, are used to produce storms at sea or side-wheel steamboats. For subway noises there's a large box on which an arrangement of cross-members and casters revolves and produces a rumbling sound.

Dish-washing is another sound it's hard to imitate, so tubs, dishes, and dishrags must be kept on hand. When the script calls for dish-washing sounds, the sound man washes dishes. Two sets of stairs are in stock—one good, substantial flight, used when the script involves a well-kept residence, and one rickety, creaking set which is used when the setting is a ramshackle hut.

MR. PEARSON, sound effects man for the Columbia Broadcasting System, has a correspondingly extensive collection of sound contraptions, including a device for simulating

the sound of marching feet. Two frames are used in this performance—one is fitted with wooden pegs and the other with a screen. The pegs rub against the screen, and there's your sound effect. Mr. Pearson also has a gadget for making explosion sounds, but he's keeping the mechanics of it under his hat. It's a large rubber ball with something inside it, and it makes a sound like an explosion when you strike it. What's inside the rubber ball is Mr. Pearson's secret, and he won't tell.

To the lay observer it appears that the sound effects industry has not yet developed beyond the stage of a medieval craft. Each sound sorcerer is happily preoccupied in collecting his own array of gewgaws, knickknacks, baubles, gimcracks and popguns, and the industry as a whole presents an aspect of good-natured confusion. Mr. Kelly, it is true, is at work on a machine that will produce all communication sounds—radio, spark sets, telegraph, telephone, and the like—from one compact cabinet. Mayhap it's the first step toward the standardization that seems to be the fate of our native industries.

—E. JEROME ELLISON



[*"Our Native Industries" for May will describe the origin and activities of the sidewalk Ciné Snappers.*]

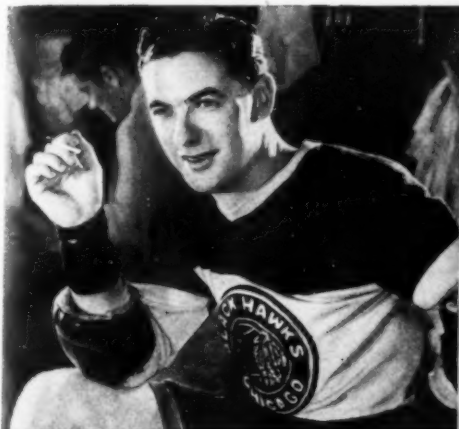
WE ASKED LEADERS IN WINTER SPORTS:

"Is this fact
important to You?"—

*Camels are made from finer,
more expensive tobaccos..Turkish and
Domestic..than any other popular brand*

(SIGNED) *R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.*

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA



ENERGY!

"Camel's 'energizing effect' is a great thing," says Paul Thompson, of the world-champion Chicago Black Hawks hockey team. "When I come off the rink, dead tired, there's just one thing I want—a Camel!"



HEALTHY NERVES!

Says Ray F. Stevens, North American Bobsled Champion: "After the last heat, I light a Camel and enjoy smoking to the full, knowing that Camels *never* bother my nerves!"



FLAVOR!

—Jack Shea, Champion Skater: "For good taste and for sheer pleasure, there's nothing like a Camel!"



MILDNESS!

Betty Chase, expert skater, says: "Camels are so mild! And to me it's a very important fact that Camels use finer tobaccos."

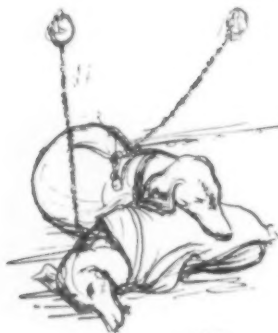
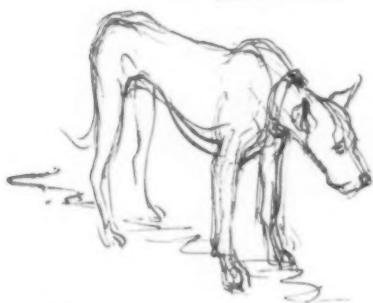
VALUE!

"I 'get a lift with a Camel' when I'm tired," says Edward Kent. "And the fact that tobaccos of a choicer quality are used in Camels goes far to explain why Camels are so mild and pleasing!"

Copyright 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.



THE DOG PARADE



*Gregor Duncan
Madison Square Garden*



NO, Mrs. Chutney, no, I did not go to Madison Square Garden,
I did not go to the dog show, and what do you think of that,
and if you think what you probably think, I beg your pardon.
Some people like not listening to Bing Crosby and other people like
not listening to Lawrence Tibbett,
But I like not attending the annual canine exhibit.
The prizes are very nice, I am sure, and so are the donors,
And I guess the dogs are all right, but I'm afraid I can't stand
the owners,

Because some of them breed dogs for love and some for riches,
But my experience has been that most of them do it just so they
can startle their friends at the dinner table and the drawing
room by babbling with self-conscious unconsciousness about
bitches,

So back, Mrs. Chutney, back to your breeding and beagling,
I find you very fatigueling;
You are one of the reasons why when somebody says dogs are people's
best friends,

My esteem for them ends,
Because whenever I hear of somebody whose best friend has four feet,
Well, that is the person that I would stay away from in droves
rather than meet.

I think dogs are wonderful in their place,
But I refuse to admit that they are a superior or equal race;
I will not attribute to every precocious poodle or spaniel
The wisdom of a Daniel.

I know that some of them can count up to ten and carry the newspaper
home in their mouth and stand upon hind legs and waltz,
But so could I if I wanted to, so I am not thereby blinded to
their faults.

When they are wet they do not smell like a rose,
And when they are dry they shed all over your furniture and clothes,
And some of them, such as bulldogs, drive you almost crazy because
they are inveterate snorers and gurglers,

And others chew sections out of your children and friends and then
wag their tails at burglars,

And they carry your evening shoes off and conceal them in un-
discoverable hideaways,

And half the time they make you think you are seeing things
because when they trot they don't trot straight, they trot
sideaways.

Another thing dogs do, and indeed have been doing from the days
of Ulysses,

Is to turn all the authors who write about them into great big
sissies.

Whoever you read, be it Homer or Albert Payson Terhune or Browning,
Their dogs do nothing but go around and be faithful to people and
mourn on people's graves and rescue them from fire and drowning,

And I admit that this gives their pages a lovely loveable flavor,
And maybe that actually is how dogs spend their time, but all I
can say is no dog has yet ever done me a favor.

To make a long story short, in the words of Omar Khayyam,
I don't mean that I don't like dogs, I just want to say that I
don't think they are any better than I am.

—OGDEN NASH



MEN

Women Despise

THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. In business they wonder why all too often "they can't get the order."

You Never Know

In social life or business, there is one fault that others do not excuse. It is halitosis (bad breath). You yourself never know when you have halitosis. That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

Why Offend Others?

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly attacks fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



LISTERINE *checks halitosis (BAD BREATH) deodorizes longer*



VOL. 102

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2601

MELLON'S MELON

THE Hauptmann trial faced only one serious competitor during its long course: the wedding of Doris Duke, richest girl in the world. The New York *World-Telegram*, of the Scripps-Howard chain, was so faithful to its obligations among American princesses that it endeavored bravely to give Bruno a skirmish on the front page and went all the way in saving its reputation as a friend of the masses by turning over the second and third pages completely to the occasion.

Comparisons with Barbara Hutton so far are all in favor of Miss Duke, who has been modestly retiring in her actions, and especially in her marriage to James H. R. Cromwell rather than a foreign prince.

Of interest to the male sex was the comparatively small attention paid to the nuptials of Paul Mellon, only son of Andrew Mellon, the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since William Gibbs McAdoo. There is every likelihood that young Mr. Mellon will end with more of the nation's wealth than either young lady but there was general agreement that only a lady may be a princess. Mr. Mellon's virtues were not overlooked, however, and the country had every right to be proud of his working record. Again it was the *World-Telegram* which furnished the information:

"Young Mellon started work at the bottom in his father's business and was so successful that at the end of two months he was elevated to the boards of directors of four corporations controlled by his father."

This may be taken as an indication of the good that may be done by public opinion. There is little likelihood that Prince Mdivani will arrive to solve our prob-

lems but Mr. Cromwell was writing books and conferring with Sir Oswald Mosley, the British Fascist leader, no later than last year and may be expected to have opinions upon unemployment and kindred matters when he returns from his world cruise. Mr. Mellon, however, is a problem. Any man who can rise from janitor to several boards of directors in two short months will soon find himself in the position of

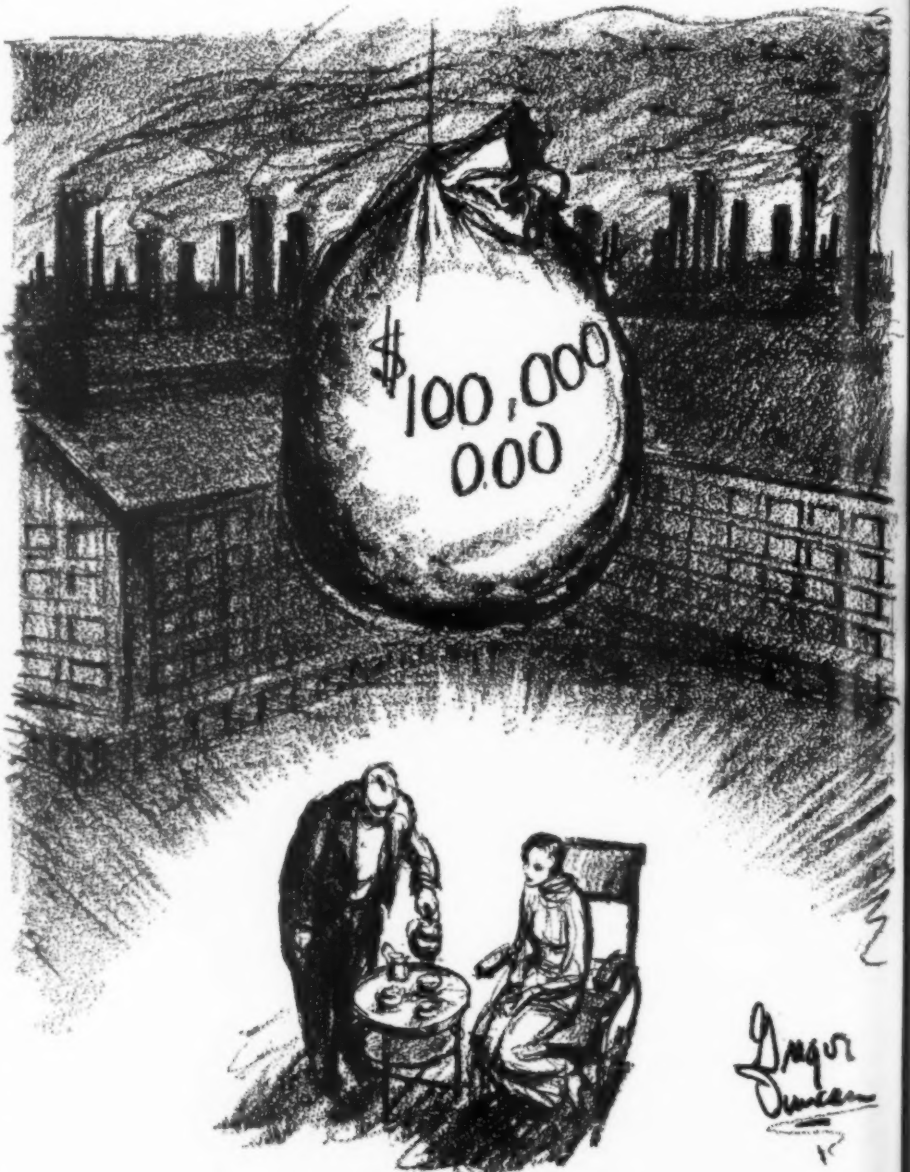
Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer. It may be necessary to use him as a horrible example of the dangers possible when the young rich become active.

—K. S. C.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has defined the New Deal as "a call to a more abundant life." The Republicans, however, seem to be worrying about the telephone bill.

It used to be that when people wanted to get rid of an undesirable in their town, they rode him out on a rail. Now they elect him to Congress.

Nowadays anybody who has a plan to do something with somebody else's money is an economist.



Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Thy Head...

It
would take
17 years
to replace him



The greatest value that can be built into a tire is HUMAN MILEAGE—extra quality that makes the tire itself last longer and extra safety that makes you last longer, too. That's what we mean by HUMAN MILEAGE. Only in the General Tire are all of these protective features present.

BLOWOUT-PROOF PROTECTION
SKID-SAFE TRACTION
LOW PRESSURE COMFORT
SHOCKLESS RIDING
TENSION-FREE DRIVING

THE NEW
GENERAL
Dual-Balloon
"THE BLOWOUT-PROOF TIRE"

Gentlemen *prefer* Blends



Penn Maryland

Blended Whiskey



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LIFE'S GAME DEPARTMENT

APRIL

"A Paper to Make You Think."

1935

ARE YOU SURE?

Take a pencil and check one of the suggested answers, unless otherwise specified. Your score in the Fifties is Fair . . . Sixties, So-So . . . Seventies, Swell . . . Eighties, Excellent. If you get into the Nineties . . . !

1. "You Just Know She Wears Them" is a slogan used by:

Blue Jay Corn Plasters Kayser Underwear
Holeproof Hosiery Maiden Form Brassières
McCallum Stockings Vanity Fair Underwear

2. The word "trek" is correctly used in one of these sentences:

"Mama! I was elected trek captain!"
The old mujik donned his trek and went out.
The trek was long and arduous.
He earned his living by trek gardening.

3. The Dutch paid the Indians.....for the island of Manhattan:

Three Sat. Eve. Post subscriptions \$12.00
Two gallons of firewater \$24.00
one Chevrolet \$23.89

4. Two of these colleges are not in the Big Ten:

Iowa Chicago Purdue Northwestern
Michigan Missouri Notre Dame

5. Benjamin Franklin's portrait appears oncent stamps:

3 5 7 1 13 15 11 20

6. One of these cities is located farthest west:

Los Angeles Reno Spokane
Yuma San Diego Walla Walla

7. If your nephew wanted to "grow up and be like Rudy Vallée's father-in-law" he would become:

fireman undertaker crooner
police chief President process server
cab driver politician engineer

8. The first flight across the Atlantic was made by:

Samuel Insull Charles Lindbergh
Alcock and Brown Weber and Fields
Chamberlain and Levine U.S. Navy

9. George M. Cohan wrote all but one of these songs:

Over There You're A Grand Old Flag
When You Come Back
Yankee Doodle Boy
It's A Long Way to Tipperary

10. Donner and Blitzen are:

Pebeco radio team prominent law firm
legendary reindeer co-discoverers of radium

11. One of these states has only one adjoining state:

Florida New Mexico Massachusetts
Maine Intoxication New Jersey
Washington West Virginia

12. "The Eyes And Ears of the World" is the slogan of:

Hearst-Metrotone News Pathé News
New York Times Paramount News
Fox News Columbia Broadcasting Co.

13. One of these is called "The City of Brotherly Love":

Bethlehem Paris Philadelphia
Geneva Sioux City Tucson
Salt Lake City San Francisco

14. The author of *The Star Spangled Banner* was:

Stephen Foster Julia Ward Howe
Francis Scott Key Irving Berlin
Betsy Ross George Washington

15. If it is zero degrees Fahrenheit today and twice as cold tomorrow, it will be degrees Fahrenheit tomorrow:

-10 -20 -50 -32 -64 0

16. The world's automobile speed record is held by:

Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. Kaye Don
T. O. P. Sopwith Malcolm Campbell
Cannonball Baker Jimmy Doolittle

17. One of these men is the recent father of twin sons:

Walter Winchell Andrew Mellon
Lee Tracy Max Baer Bing Crosby
Jimmy Walker Prince of Wales

18. Rye is to a Manhattan cocktail as gin is to:

Old Fashion gingerbread Martini
Pullman porter Rock and Rye

19. The "Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints" is:

Christian Science Episcopalian
Hebrew Mormon Theosophist
Trappist Lutheran Unitarian

20. The "Roosevelt of France" is:

Tardieu Flandin Latval
Chevalier Germain-Martin

21. Reginald Marsh is:

squash racquets champion movie star
artist dog fancier columnist
husband of Barbara Hutton Irish bog

22. If you asked for the product which uses "Hasn't Scratched Yet" for a slogan, you would receive:

Glover's Mango Cure Old Golds
Old Dutch Cleanser Bon Ami
Parker Pen Lady Esther powder

23. One of these words is misspelled:

loquacious naphtha ceiling
fulfill precedence personnel
supersede diphtheria sacrilegious

24. The "March of Time" is:

newsreel poem by Edgar Guest
opening words of Hamlet's soliloquy
Elgin watch slogan

25. One of these groups is exempt from the Federal income tax:

Federal government employees bankers
ex-Secretaries of the U.S. Treasury
state and municipal employees clergymen

26. An "egregious ass" is:

stubborn donkey extraordinary dance
conceited frump over-confident silly

27. William Allen White is:

former Secretary of State newspaper editor
"Sage of Potato Hill"
"Wizard of Menlo Park"

28. The Continental Divide is the:

Mason-Dixon line Mississippi
Rocky Mountain watershed
Equator German-French rivalry

29. Three of these are not secretaries of President Roosevelt:

Howe Hopkins Appleby Early
McIntyre LeHand Ainsworth

30. "While Rome Burns" was written by:

Mussolini Primo Carnera Macaulay
Burton Rascoe G. K. Chesterton
Alexander Woollcott Thornton Wilder

31. One of the following is not a golf club:

Baffy Cleek Jimmy
Masbie Jigger Spoon

32. A woman normally has pairs of ribs:

7 9 10 11 12 13 15

33. The comic strip character "Skippy" is drawn by:

Harold Gray W. E. Hill
Percy Crosby Sidney Smith
Segar General Smedley Butler

34. One of these groups has the largest American membership:

Vegetarians Methodists Catholics
Baptists Chiropodists Boy Scouts

35. The name of the liner which was criticized for delay in lowering lifeboats to the rescue of the *Morro Castle* is:

President Taft President Harding Oahu Maru
Talisman President Cleveland Arcadia

(Continued on page 28)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD CONTEST

A PANAMA PACIFIC CRUISE TO THE WINNER

(Conditions on page 28)

HORIZONTAL

1. It won't be long now.
5. Going from bad to worse.
16. Something contracted in muscles.
20. The first to kick.
21. How Senators talk.
22. At great length.
23. Never again.
24. This is the way.
25. Theoretical space filler.
27. Just a spot.
29. A person with the title.
30. Let up.
32. Don't look at Huey Long with this.
33. These foster the race problem.
35. How the pickpocket went out of the subway.
38. Good taste.
40. A locker.
41. At the front.
43. Vinegar puss.
44. A low dive.
45. Contradiction in fact.
47. Never before this.
48. The great glass eye.
49. Legal aid.
51. What a critic does to a "turkey".
52. A little run.
54. Blasted.
56. This makes you smart.
59. Made to standard.
60. A step-in for spring.
62. Take sides.
66. Just went crazy.
67. You can't do this to everybody.
69. A jumping jack.
72. Flower piece.
73. Always on top deck.
74. This makes a diffidence.
75. Show off.
77. Get a lift with this.
79. An electrical charge.
80. Important figures in chess circles.
81. Here's a dandy.
82. Something to tell.
84. An incorrect little cuss.
87. A gay dog.
89. Goes on foot.
90. This gets the English places.
92. To have and to hold.
93. Name, for Winchell.
95. Nuts to you.
97. The remark of a regular ass.
99. Lure.
101. A handy projection.
102. Nick.
104. Mad about everything.
106. Kitchen cleanser.
107. The nearest thing to "a".
108. Shades of difference.
111. How to irritate your wife.
112. Bakery.
113. Classy word.
115. Improves cotton and drinks.
116. Improves anything; doesn't drink.
118. A water shed.
120. Often taken for a porter.
121. Leaves read for future reference.
122. A lover of trees.
123. This draws a flush.
125. A business that's picking up.
126. Taken for shooting.
127. Never right.
128. More than one appearance.
131. A glass even churches permit.
135. The most popular side of summer.
137. This will be all.
139. A frozen water fall.

140. Look here.
142. Just a suggestion.
143. This is correct.
145. A way to get through.
146. A boat man.
148. A good turn.
150. Comes stuffed at formal dinners.
152. You must be this.
153. You can't get away from this.
154. The institution of punishment.
156. You have no choice.
157. A light summer coat.
158. Musical bars.
160. Put into practise.
162. Get a shine on.
164. Preceding.
165. Of questionable meaning.
166. Busy on Broadway.
167. This stuff is always good.
169. A frog considered game.
171. In addition.
173. A decimal point.
175. At the extreme.
176. The real wise guys.
177. Said when you're down.
179. Men's smoker.
181. A man's oldest possession.
182. Skin.
183. One of the lower strings.
184. Best when found under mushrooms.
186. These give you the jitters.
188. An unexpected blow-up.
189. Not in a good humor.
190. A cooperative organization.
192. One of these makes a crowd.
195. A man of leisure.
196. A burning heap.
199. Branch off.
201. A greaser.
202. An old Greek mischief-maker.
203. Makes anything snappy.
204. A personal calling.
208. This will give you a dig.
209. This is dangerous.
211. An out-doors spirit.
213. How irritating.
215. An old seal.
216. A light weight.
218. On the up and up.
220. Step over.
222. Raise the spirits.
224. 32,000 times horizontal 216.
225. A boiled neck.
226. In case you need another: horizontal 152.
228. Kept in stitches (Pl.).
229. Subject of conflict.
230. What a bouncer does.
231. All cooked up.
232. A dressed chicken doesn't look much like this.
233. How a runner hits the finish line.

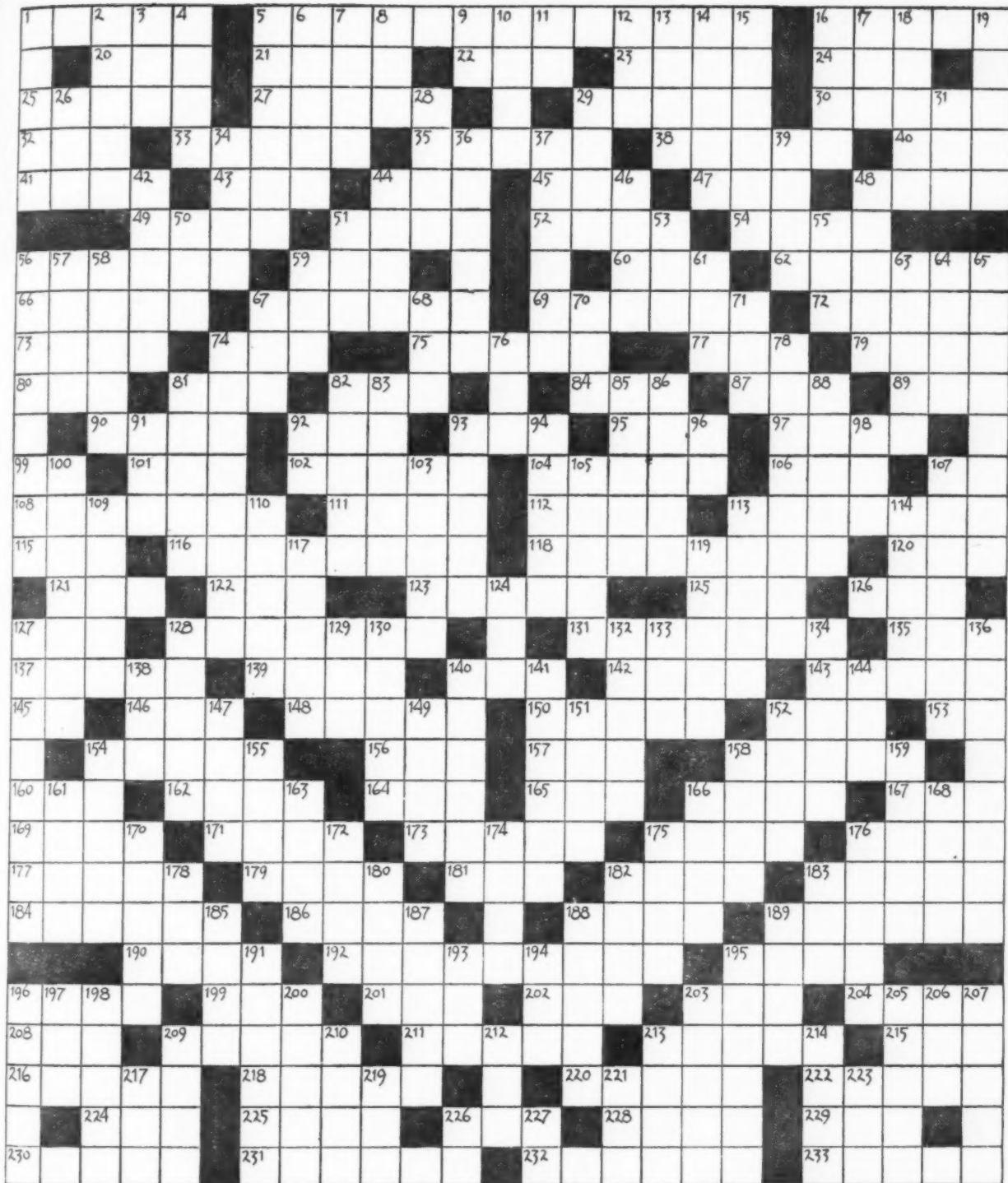
VERTICAL

1. A tie-up.
2. It will never be the same.
3. Future fish.
4. A limited time.
5. Plenty of grit here.
6. Political phrases.
7. These lie down in their tracks.
8. A sign for the rest.
9. A reservation.
10. They are always in a row.
11. Much travelled road.
12. This takes pull.
13. Public places.
14. The originator of permanent waves.

15. Sensational discoverers.
16. Scorch.
17. Get away with something.
18. Hard to keep after 2 days.
19. Victimizes.
26. One after one.
28. Quick.
29. One right on the nose.
31. The Dionne babies' double.
34. The pitcher with the big mouth.
36. A comeback.
37. This takes in everything.
39. Money you shouldn't keep.
42. Droppers for overhearing.
44. The facts in the case.
46. Subject of grave concern.
48. This helps bring pressure.
50. Takes everything lying down.
51. Full of wedges.
53. The family wash basin.
55. Always on a tear.
56. Stuffing.
57. All strung up for decoration.
58. It just happens.
59. A buzzer.
61. How to get to the bottom of things.
63. The cause of Mussolini's I trouble.
64. A lady for the evening.
65. Great refinement.
67. A slight explosion.
68. One of the advance men.
70. Puts two and two together.
71. Heel and toe work.
74. Singular praise.
76. Mama's angel child.*
78. How to enter a swimming pool.
81. All in fun.
82. Past swearing.
83. A pretty caper.
85. An ancient vegetable.
86. Water carriers.
88. The only way to lie down.
91. Last winter's noses did this.
92. In a position of adherence.
93. The ones right here.
94. Fish around.
96. A reverend person.
98. Copy.
100. What the instructor gets.
103. The first signs of music.
105. Makes out.
107. What's the matter with you.
109. With regards.
110. Places for sale.
113. A whopper.
114. Bring up.
117. Every house-wife's door-man.
119. You're looking at it now.
124. Contest for.
127. Excitement.
128. We all get this way.
129. Bossy but she'll work for you.
130. An ordinary binding.
132. Bear in mind.
133. A craft that surmounts all.
134. Some people like to take these up.
136. Of your own choosing.
138. A word no lady would mention.
140. Kind of popular town car.
141. The home ground.
144. Came on.
147. This makes less trouble.
149. Separate with distinction.
151. Scraps with the cook.
152. Here the more rank the better.
154. You'll never get it with horizontal 229.
155. A turn-over.
158. Regular bill.
159. A personal intention.
161. Conveyed.
163. A court command.
166. Present.
168. Hold in view.
170. A toothsome mouthful.
172. It's a long story.
174. A nice place on the Riviera.
175. They have power to move you.
176. Cut for general benefit.
178. Barely get along.

*She always got to heaven on a cloud.

PUZZLE NUMBER TWO



180. A second hearing.
182. The kind of box to stay out of.
183. It's a bear.
185. The selling point.
187. The man with the goods.
188. They look awful in dress clothes.
189. Pacifiers.
191. Swamp.
193. Work steadily.
194. Taken for punishment.
195. The wrong view-point.
196. It would be just like you.
197. Who's doing this puzzle?
198. Flat rates.
200. He commands the steerage.
203. They're always on hand.

205. In the know.
206. Wrestlers' padding.
207. Force.
209. Almost impossible things to write in a Post Office.
210. Twice told tales.
212. Deface.
213. Goes, to the poets.
214. Cuts out.
217. A flop.
219. Not many in this.
221. The word for everything (you'll need plenty for your essay!).
223. This will hold her.
226. The year of the Lord.
227. The man on the masthead.

Pointers on the Puzzle

FOR the benefit of readers who may never have tried to solve one of LIFE's crossword puzzles it might be helpful to explain that the definitions differ from those found with the ordinary puzzle. They may seem difficult at first but they're a lot more entertaining.

No. 32 across, for instance (Don't look at Huey Long with this) might be "eye" but that's too obvious. The correct answer is "awe." No. 111 (How to irritate your wife) might be any number of things but in this case the answer is "rile." There's a head start for you.

ARE YOU SURE?

(Continued from page 25)

36. The word "amateur" is correctly pronounced:
ama-choor ama-toor ama-tur
ama-chur cigarette endorser

37. When a baseball player bunts he:
spits on hands flies out weeps copiously
swears at umpire makes short hit to infield

38. One of these companies builds a car named after a General in the American Revolution:
General Motors Ford Nash
Hupmobile Chrysler Studebaker

39. When a dog walks, these legs move together:
two legs on each side front legs
front left and rear right legs

40. Brandy is a product of:
the Devil barley rye grapes

41. Stanford University is near:
Los Angeles San Francisco
Pasadena Stamford Santa Barbara

42. Two of these states do not border on the Mississippi River:
Minnesota North Dakota Wisconsin
Illinois Tennessee Alabama
Iowa Arkansas Missouri

43. One of these is John D. Rockefeller's middle name:
Dinklebaum Doan Davison Daniel

44. If you wanted to "rush the growler" you would:
attack a mad dog drink a quart of beer
go to men's room send for bucket of beer

45. Two of these airships did not crash fatally:
Macon Los Angeles Akron
Graf Zeppelin Shenandoah

46. Ruby Keeler is the wife of:
Amos 'n' Andy Joe Penner Al Jolson
Jimmy Durante Robert Montgomery
Rudolph Friml Isadore Goldblatt

47. One of these magazines calls itself "The National Weekly":
Liberty Time Collier's New Yorker

48. One of these companies manufactures Chesterfield cigarettes:
American Tobacco Co. Liggett & Meyers Co.
P. Lorillard & Co. R. J. Reynolds Co.
Brown & Williamson Co. General Foods

49. "The Playground of the World" is the slogan most widely used by:
Coney Island Simmons Mattresses
Pittsburgh Chicago Atlantic City
Palm Beach Hollywood Paris

50. Two of these men are over 70:
William Randolph Hearst Baby LeRoy
Herbert Hoover Secretary Wallace
W. C. Fields Henry Ford Al Smith

+

Number of correct answers.....
Multiply by two for score.....

(Answers on page 45)

MIXED SCREEN STARS

Three are solved. Can you unscramble the rest?

- | | |
|----------------|---------|
| 1. Salsir | Arllis |
| 2. Bagor | |
| 3. Chiertid | |
| 4. Brainkafs | |
| 5. Ckordfp | |
| 6. Dyrah | |
| 7. Chinpal | |
| 8. Groser | |
| 9. Lidefs | |
| 10. Operoc | |
| 11. Dracrowf | |
| 12. Tongromeym | |
| 13. Robko | |
| 14. Tyrac | |
| 15. Nonsaws | Swanson |
| 16. Rarebomyr | |
| 17. Hearres | |
| 18. Charm | |
| 19. Sent | |
| 20. Verilo | |
| 21. Ryebe | |
| 22. Retbloc | |
| 23. Woplel | |
| 24. Zortec | |
| 25. Clamno | |
| 26. Roonrav | |
| 27. Tabrex | |
| 28. Yesah | |
| 29. Tandru | |
| 30. Blag | Gable |
| 31. Wole | |
| 32. Nelglamc | |
| 33. Geycan | |
| 34. Dilna | |
| 35. Ringhad | |

(Answers on page 41)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD CONTEST

(Puzzle No. 2 on preceding page)

The Prize

A SIXTEEN-DAY cruise, first class for two persons, from New York to San Francisco on the *Virginia*, *California* or *Pennsylvania*, 33,000-ton sister ships of the Panama Pacific Line. The prize also includes railroad fare and Pullman section (upper and lower berth) from any point in the United States to New York, and from San Francisco back to the starting point. Ship accommodations include an outside cabin for two and meals. If the winner prefers, the cruise may be reversed, starting at San Francisco and terminating in New York.

Imagine yourself as the winner of this trip. You may plan to go at any time. Perhaps you'd like to take it during your summer vacation. You board a train in your home town and head for New York. . . . In New York you board one of the electric Panama Pacific ships, the largest liners in the service. All are provided with the utmost in comfort and luxury—air-conditioned dining salons, two outdoor swimming pools, pre-release motion pictures and large, perfectly appointed, all outside cabins.

Three days after leaving New York you reach Havana for twelve hours of sight-seeing. . . . Then two days of leisure and sun baths on board, and the ship reaches the Canal . . . you go through the Canal in daylight. . . . A stop is made at Panama, then the trip starts anew, up the coast of

Central America, past lower California. . . . Several days later San Diego looms. . . . Next day Los Angeles. . . . Then the Golden Gate and San Francisco. . . . You have covered 5,500 miles on shipboard.

In San Francisco you entrain for your starting point and when you arrive home you'll have enjoyed a glorious three weeks of land and sea travel covering nearly 9,000 miles.

+

The Conditions

THE first of a series of three contest crossword puzzles appeared in the last issue of LIFE. Puzzle No. 2 is on the preceding page. The last puzzle will appear in the next issue. (Back copies will be mailed on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps or coin.)

The prize will be awarded to the person who furnishes the nearest correct set of solutions for the series of three puzzles and who, in the opinion of the judges, writes the cleverest verse, jingle, limerick or essay (all of which will be known hereafter as a literary composition) using only words contained in any or all of the crossword diagrams. The literary composition must be limited to 50 words, but may be based on any theme or subject.

No word is to be used more often than it appears in the puzzles, but may be used less often if desired. For example, if the

word "and" appears a total of ten times in the three puzzles, it may be used no more than ten times in the literary composition.

Elaborateness or neatness in submission of entries will not count. Legibility, however, is essential. There is no limit to the number of entries each contestant may submit, but each literary composition must be attached to three completed diagrams (March, April and May) or tracings thereof. The contestant's full name and address must be clearly written in one corner of each of the three diagrams and on the literary composition.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and their decision will be final. In the event of a tie, each tying contestant will receive the full award.

Entries must be addressed to the Crossword Contest Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mailed to reach this office not earlier than May 1st and not later than June 15th. The prize will be forwarded to the winner on or about July 1st (in time for a summer vacation) and his or her name will be announced in the August issue of LIFE, on the newsstands about July 20th.

The contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers of LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff and their families are barred from competition.



HURRAY FOR WHAT?

The War is Over?

Is it over, Mother?—No, your son was killed.

Is it over, little girl with the big blue eyes?—No, your daddy was killed.

Is it over, soldier?—No, you lost a leg.

Is it over, laborer with the horny hands?—No. You, and your children,

and their children, and THEIR children must lay out their hard-earned dollars in taxes to pay for it!

So why do we cheer?

Only the fighting is over. Hearts will go on aching. And men will walk on crutches. And laborers will work and work, and pay and pay—for years. For years, and years, and years.

Let's not have another war.

What you can do about it

World Peaceways, a non-profit organization, is solidifying intelligent people's repulsion for unnecessary war. This work of showing that war is preventable deserves your ardent support.

To advertise this hell off the face of the earth we need your help. Our advertising, and that of our foreign branches, is placing the facts before millions. Millions more must be reached until all men, everywhere, know the truth about war.

Only through what you contribute in thought, in time, in active work and in material support is this achievement possible. Write us today. World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.



THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE period covered by this review presents each year convincing evidence against the mental balance of the gentlemen involved in the commercial aspects of our theatre. It is their annual contention, on the one hand, that "because everybody has gone south" there is no reason for them to take chances with any new productions, and it is their general practise, on the other, forthwith to make any number of new productions. Although I sometimes pain my clients with an affectation of wisdom covering the whole range of human endeavor, I confess that I am too dumb to figure out that one.

Abandoning any lengthier preface until the summer months, when there is so little to write about that extended prefatory gymnastics constitute a theatrical commentator's only recourse, let us sniff the various dainties more recently served to the 5,000,000 remaining New Yorkers who hadn't enough money left to get farther south than Canal Street.

On To Fortune, by the Langners, may be put down as the kind of exhibit the late Winchell Smith might have written fifteen or twenty years ago, provided only that at the moment he wasn't feeling any too chipper and was way below his usual form. A comedy dealing with a country banker and his machinations to cover up various financial peccadilloes that threatened the security of his institution, it was so strained and heavily humorless that the management of the Fulton theatre should have given away the tickets to the show itself and charged the customers for the intermissions. This, I appreciate, is what is deplored as rude criticism by the sissier among the critical gentry, but I can't, with all the good will and magnanimity in the world, see why a public reporter on the drama, who is hired and paid to impart the facts of life to his readers, should indulge in foxy circumlocutions and polite let-downs when the occasion calls simply for a loud and pungent hoot. So—*On To Fortune*, which hap-

pily lasted less than a week, was, in a word, junk.

THREE *Men On a Horse*, by the Messrs. Holm and Abbott, may also be put down as the kind of play the same late Mr. Smith might have written fifteen or twenty years ago, but in this case the aforesaid Mr. Smith would have had to be feeling in trim and would have had to be pretty well up to form. It is one of those critically unimportant pieces at which important critics always have a good time. They realize that it is beneath their august professorial notice; they tell themselves confidentially that they aren't really enjoying themselves half so much as they would at something by Aeschylus or Calderon; but their own amused chuckles embarrassingly get in the way of their snooty cogitations. This particular slice of embarrassment concerns itself with a small joey who is inordinately gifted in the picking of winning racehorses, who falls in with a group of tough mugs who seek to capitalize his clairvoyance, and who, being a sedate member of a suburban community and by profession a writer of sentimental Mother's Day and other such cards, has a time of it trying to break away from his newly acquired and insistent friends. It isn't especially funny for the whole of its distance—parts of it are slightly depressing—but there is enough broad low humor in the other parts to give the evening a lively bounce. And the cast, which includes William Lynn, Sam Levene, Millard Mitchell and Shirley Booth, could hardly be improved upon.

Those theatregoers who were in the south when *Loose Moments*, by Courtenay Savage and Bertram Hobbs, and

It's You I Want, by Maurice Braddell, were produced are to be heartily congratulated. What's more, Palm Beach and Miami looked awfully good, too, when it came to *Field Of Ermine*, by Jacinto Benavente. Benavente, as you probably know, is the foremost living dramatist of Spain. He is also one of the foremost living bores in or out of Spain. I appreciate that this is no way to talk about a man who occupies so lofty a position in his native land, who has been awarded the Nobel prize, who has had countless championing pundits in various countries, who has been decorated with so many academic gold medals that he suffers from lead poisoning, and who for thirty years has had the pick of the girls in Madrid. Surely so important a fellow should be treated with the proper respect and not be disparaged in so bourgeois a manner. Well, all right, I duly and humbly apologize, and repeat that this great man is one of the biggest bores to be encountered anywhere in the modern theatre.

This momentous decision is not arrived at, facily and carelessly, after a consideration merely of the play called *Field of Ermine*. It is arrived at after

reading every play that our magnifico ever wrote and after seeing a sufficient number of them played on the stages not only of this country but of his own as well. *Field of Ermine*, however, may none the less be offered as a delectable example. That it was written back in 1916 is of no immediate critical point, as it was considerably dated even then. Allowing the au-

thor a large rebate on the English translation of John Garrett Underhill, a translation patently so overawed by the sanctity of Benavente that it is as humbly and dully obedient to the original as





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one of Cain's storehouse horses to its driver's whip, the play yet comes into the theatre of today like a dusty ghost of a thirty-year-old corpse. And not only in its thematic content, but also in its character drawing and general literary-dramatic craftsmanship. Duly trotted out are all the stencils of the early Pinero and French problem play era: the loose woman and her illegitimate child, the aristocratic relatives of the child's presumptive father, the elderly gay Lord Quex with an eye still to the fair sex, the Cayley Drummle, whom no woman has ever, alas, loved, but who is a tender, understanding and deeply sympathetic friend to the troubled heroine, the device of taking the banal edge off certain of the playwright's pet philosophies by shrewdly attributing the dullest of them to their spokesman's grandfather and the somewhat slightly less dull to his father, *u.s.w.* The dialogue, replete with moist references to the human heart and soul, is generally of a Josephine Baker super-elegance and has an air of being served to the various characters called upon to speak it by a consciously *recherché* butler. The speeches, further, remind one of a man sending a night letter who can well say everything necessary in twenty-five words but who is determined willy-nilly to get his money's worth and laboriously works over the message until he gets in the full and allowed fifty. Poor Echegaray, a really talented Spanish dramatist, must toss about in his grave when he contemplates such stuff being still hailed by Spaniards as high dramatic art.

CLOSE on the heels of the above nonesuch came a second exhibit from the Spanish: *Bitter Oleander*, by Federico Garcia Lorca. If additional proof were needed that the Spanish drama, with exception as rare as a steak Tartare, is no longer welcome to the American stage, here it was with a vengeance. What we got on this occasion was one of those peasant tragedies that the Spaniards love and which generally seem just a bit refractorily comical to intelligent foreign audiences. They are, the majority of them, cut from much the same pattern, with everybody gay and happy and wearing bright yellow costumes in Act I and with everybody grieving over the death of someone or other and wearing deep mourning in Act III. I don't happen to be familiar with Lorca's original text, but there is no apparent reason to believe it is much superior to the English translation which we engaged, even though

that celebrated Andalusian, Mr. J. A. Weissberger, who did the translation, is seemingly not aware that certain locutions, if too faithfully and literally translated, take on a false color in alien ears. What is pretty sentiment to the Spanish thus sometimes becomes burlesque to others. The performance was something tasty to behold, with Miss Nance O'Neil, in the rôle of the old mother, comporting herself like a royal funeral procession and with Miss Eugenie Leontovich, in the rôle of the tempting morsel for love of whom two men killed each other, overacting to such an extent that the management should have paid her two salaries.

SPEAKING of acting, it is far from true, despite the common remark, that no actor can fail as Hamlet, but it probably isn't a too great exaggeration to say that it takes an unbelievably bad actor to fail in any rôle representing a clergyman and an unbelievably bad actress to fail in any one depicting a prostitute. My own memory may be faulty, but at the moment I can't recall a single actor over a span of thirty years who has not acquitted himself satisfactorily in the rôle of a man of God or a single actress who hasn't managed to do pretty well by herself in the rôle of a harlot. Thus, once again, we observe in the instance of the current revival of *Rain*, that sensation of a dozen years ago which was fashioned from the best short story

that W. S. Maugham ever wrote, Mr. Herbert Ranson getting by quite handsomely in the part of the Rev. Alfred Davidson and Miss Tallulah Bankhead, although leaving much to be critically desired, giving what is at least the best performance of her career as the sinful Sadie Thompson. I once observed that no actor ever gave a really bad performance of the rôle of a butler or a policeman, and I still, after many years of scrutinizing stage butlers and policemen, believe it. Added to the butlers and policemen I now place on the list, with full faith in the acting records still to come, men of the cloth and fancy ladies.

Of all the various actresses who have tackled Sadie Thompson, the late Jeanne Eagels, who created the rôle, seems to me the best, although due allowance, of course, must be made for the stubbornness and troublesome persistence of initial impressions. Memory, albeit sometimes defective, is often cruel to players who, however talented, follow the originators of rôles. It is the habit of critics, over which they honestly have no control, to remain more or less subconsciously in sentimental thrall to the first performance they have seen of a part, save only in Shakespeare, in which case many of them go completely off the enthusiastic handle at intervals of every five or six years, particularly when some relatively young actor or actress makes an appearance. But otherwise the newcomer, even though he or she be

+
"I'm sorry
you had to
wait, Herbert.
I wasn't
dressed."
+



first-rate, has a hard time of it with them.

Miss Bankhead is far from being first-rate, yet Maugham's Jezebel provides her with the opportunity to indicate what portions of mettle she has. Pictorially, she fills the rôle to excellent effect but histrionically—whether one remembers Jeanne Eagels or not and makes comparisons or no comparisons—hers is an up and down performance. Her first act Sadie is a cross between an imitation of Mae West and a red-light Peg o' My Heart, part Mae's brazen anatomical art and part Hartley Manners' box-office *gamine*. As the evening progresses, however, she improves and gradually gets herself into the character, albeit she has obvious difficulty in fusing the externals of the rôle with the internals. But, as has been noted, the rôle itself is of such a sure-fire nature that, whatever the deficiencies of its interpreter, the latter cannot fail to emerge with at least a small corsage of laurels.

NOAH, by André Obey, that deft Gaul, crossed these eyes a few years ago both in Paris and London and these eyes were tickled by its sensitive French humors. In its local presentation, however, something is lacking, but not too much to steal away all of its innocent charm. It remains, for the few, a winning little example of the studio drama and if the competent Gallic Company of Fifteen, as it is known, is not present to lend its talents to the script, Pierre Fresnay, the afore-said company's quondam best actor, at least partly makes up, with an admirable performance as Noah, for the absence of his erstwhile colleagues. But one fears that the commendable enterprise is much too delicate in the way of fantasy to appeal to sizeable enough American audiences to foot the bill.

Cross Ruff, by Noel Taylor, a juvenile actor, was a worthless gimcrack.

AND, in conclusion, *The Sim-pleton of the Unexpected Isles* provided further testimony to the utter collapse of George Bernard Shaw, the first marked symptoms of which were manifest in 1930 in *The Apple Cart* and which was subsequently and increasingly impressed upon us in *Too True To Be Good*, *Village Wooing* and *On The Rocks*. This latest exhibit, about which I shall indulge in a more extended treatise anon, is beyond all doubt the most tedious and the dullest play that has come from his studio.

(For other notes, see page 2)

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GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked* not suitable for children)

I AM going to organize a Legion of Decency TO Motion Pictures.

It will be a world-wide movement for better manners in cinema theatres, and will be open to Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Gentiles, and those who believe in Bicarbonate of Soda.

It will endeavor to teach civilized conduct to picture audiences, who have in many instances been worse than the pictures themselves, more indecent in the real sense of the word, and much more open to criticism and censorship.

Give pictures a chance.

Leave 'em alone.

Give your fellow customers a chance.

Here is the chief tenet of my new Legion of Decency TO Motion Pictures:

Don't come talking into a talking picture theatre. Don't gab half way down the aisle while you and Mamma try to decide where you want to sit.

The idea boiled out of me at a performance of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, at the otherwise delightful Radio City Music Hall, in which Leslie Howard had to contend for acting honors with a noisy dame six rows ahead of me who was trying to save a seat for her husband, Harry, and with several hundred Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Gentiles and Bicarbonates of Soda who came in on the picture talking just as they had been talking out on Sixth Avenue under the "L."

So I don't know whether it was Mrs. Harry's fault or British Gaumont's, that I wasn't sure which side of the channel I was on during a great part of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. This is, furthermore, a type of movie which is fundamentally irritating to me, dealing as it does with one of those mysterious costumed characters who go about leaving their marks and setting everybody talking. "Who

IS the Scarlet Pimpernel?" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel will save us." They're all pretty silly. Mr. Howard plays an English aristocrat who has a hobby of rescuing French aristocrats from the guillotine of the French Revolution. He's as charming as usual, but not quite as fetching as he is when he isn't asked to be so many people or to act so hard or to compete with Mrs. Harry, the Seat-Holder-for-Her-Husband. Being a costume play, it is, as usual, a field day for the actors, with lots of "Damn me's" and "Odds, fishe's!" Even so, I think I might enjoy it if I could have the Music Hall all to myself, with perhaps a dash or two of Rockettes. I know I enjoyed looking at Merle Oberon, even without concentrating very hard.

A Notorious Gentleman*

MURDERS are such fun. Did you ever stop to think how much pleasure we get out of murder in newspapers, novels, plays and movies? It will really be too bad if we ever get civilized enough to quit popping each other off. *A Notorious Gentleman* is

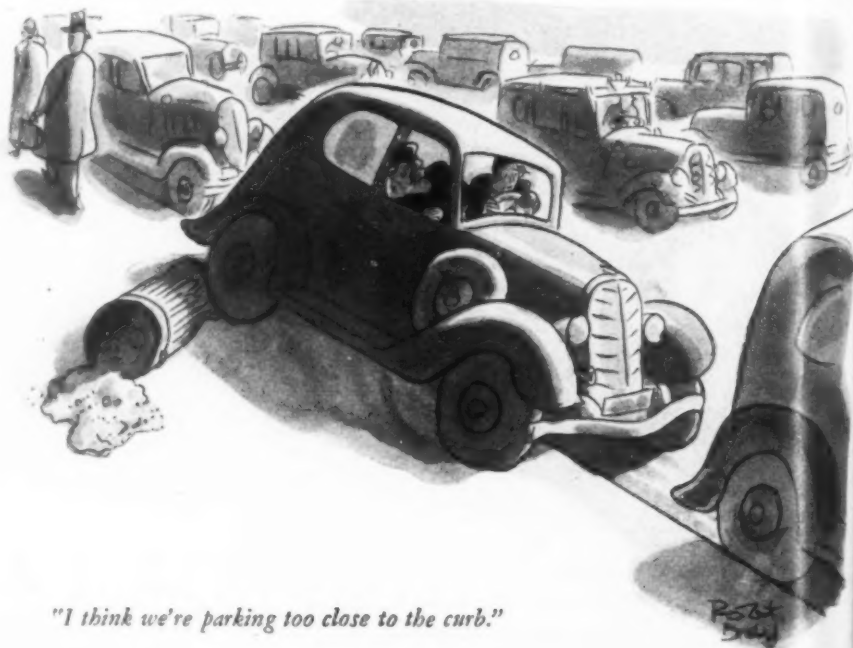
murder pleasure at what I call its best.

Charles Bickford, as a criminal lawyer, is so successful at getting other people let off for their crimes, that he decides to have a murder of his own. He lays some well-laid plans, including a prompt confession, evidently to shield a lady friend (Helen Vinson, perfect as usual), which makes him out noble, and doesn't harm her. Everything jells as planned until his ruthlessness goes a little too far and he comes the usual cropper. A clever basic story and a good cast make this a ducky melodrama, even if it does hurry a little at the finish.

Carnival

SEEMS to me the movies have overdone the theme of the father who is nuts over an orphaned baby. When, in *Carnival*, Lee Tracy's wife dies and leaves him with an infant on his hands, Lee practically does everything but give milk.

He and Jimmy Durante lay off of the carnival business for a couple of years to nurse the kid, and then they bring it back to travel with the puppets and the midgets and the freaks. Sally



"LOOK, EMMA, AFTER HALF A CENTURY OUR
FAMILY'S STILL ON THE ALKALINE SIDE"



For fifty years thoughtful people have done justice to fine old flavors by mixing them on the alkaline side—with White Rock. *Better for you.*

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Eilers loves the baby and Lee, too, with tears in both eyes—but Lee is blind to this and looks everywhere else to find a new mother for the child—until the very end when he REALIZES. Almost everything in this film has been taken from some other film. Movie people ought to stay away from movies.

Little Men*

I CAME home from *Little Men* with the impulse to slap Hildegard.

If this picture doesn't make you hate children for a month, you are more incorrigibly tender than you have any right to be. It is overrun with stiff, coached, untalented child actors of the type you'd love to drown like kittens. It is redeemed slightly by the presence of Junior Durkin, Frankie Darro and Dickie Moore—but not enough.

Little Men hopes to get the *Little Women* trade, but turns out to be an elongated Our Gang Comedy, dipped in sugar, and even lacking the pseudo-ingenuity and gusto which make an Our Gang Comedy partially endurable.

It is the most indecently incompetent picture I've seen this month.

I flew when the schoolmarm, consoling the little cripple who was making toys and couldn't go out and play, said, "But think how happy you will make all the poor little poor children at Christmas."

Rumba

THE major premise of *Rumba* is that George Raft (with his corseted pants with armholes in them) is God's gift to womankind. If you can swallow that, you can swallow *Rumba*. I can't. But I am not womankind. The "dame" (all women in Raft pictures are "dames") who falls for George in this case is Carole Lombard; but even she, light of my life that she is, cannot move me to say a kind word for *Rumba*. Oh, well, I'll concede that that dance of hers in the tinfoil skirt is pretty scrumptious photography. She plays the part of a rich girl on a yacht in the harbor of Havana, in which city George is a dancer in a night club.

Sweet Music

THOUGH Rudy Vallée is perhaps the most sued person in the United States, he evidently has not let it sour his soul, for he seems, in *Sweet Music*, to be quite a pleasant and personable young man. (There will be a convention, this summer, in a crack in the boardwalk at Atlantic City, of everybody who hasn't sued Rudy.)

And *Sweet Music* itself is a pleasant picture, a good vaudeville show if not a work of art. It seems somewhat fresher than most musicals and should be blessed, if for nothing else, for kidding those bird's-eye chorus numbers instead of having one. Ann Dvorak plays opposite Rudy, and I like her, even if she is no Eleanor Powell when it comes to tap dancing. Present also is the Frank and Milt Britton Band, which busts violins over each other's heads, which is what every orchestra ought to do; it would put thousands of violin makers on their feet. But the highest achievement of all of the picture is a slide trombone with neon lights on it. There's a milestone!

Folies Bergere

ONE of the pleasures of seeing Maurice Chevalier is that he is practically the only actor in the world who isn't giving an imitation of Maurice Chevalier. In *Folies Bergère*, he seems even fuller than ever with Chevalier magnetism, and he is still

one of the few living men that we other men are willing to admit might be interesting to women. As a rule, there isn't anybody that we men detest as thoroughly as an actor (or crooner) who is supposed to be dangerous to the fair sex.

Folies Bergère gives Chevalier a chance to sing several real Chevalier songs in his earlier manner, and his most charming moment is when he takes off his coat and pulls up his pants to get wetter in the rain about which he is singing. (This number, incidentally, must have been staged in the Pasadena Rose Bowl.) Even though the picture depends upon one of the oldest and least acceptable farce situations, that of a woman not knowing the difference between her own husband and his impersonator, it is still acceptable. Yes, more than that. The dual rôle gives us, for one thing, just twice as much Chevalier. The picture has a hard time from being devilish. Maurice doesn't get within fifty feet of the bedroom door while the camera is looking, but the



"You're letting this thing get you, Jackson. If it rings, it rings, that's all."

next day's dialogue makes it clear that he was there, all right.

Devil Dogs of the Air

THIS country has little to fear in the next war, with the Navy, the Army, the Marines and Warner Bros. to protect it. Now that the Warners have started this series of pictures with government cooperation and have exhausted our armed forces, we may presume that their next one will be in conjunction with Philadelphia mail carriers. This will permit a little of the shooting which these pictures seem to require.

The series is beginning to get a little monotonous. *Devil Dogs of the Air* is written off the cuff, and the cuff is now a bit frayed. Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien jaw at each other throughout, fight over a girl, get a chance to do heroics near the end, and kiss and make up in the final footage. There isn't much in this picture to keep us from classifying it as "just another noisy airplane picture."

Sequoia

SEQUOIA is about a new kind of love, and what a relief! No Clark Gable makes mating motions at a Joan Crawford unhappily welded to a worthy Otto Kruger. *Sequoia* goes, in fact, no further than friendship, and the friendship is that between a mountain lion and a deer. The people in the film are mere supernumeraries. (What a relief from people!) *Sequoia* is a superb accomplishment in beautiful animal photography, in simple narration, and in freshness of theme. It goes that Jean Parker brings a baby mountain lion and a baby deer to her mountain cabin. Her father, a writer, has the theory that if the two are relieved of the necessity of struggle for food, they will grow up friends. He's right. Even after they return to the wilds they behave like brother Phi Deltis.

The Winning Ticket

THERE hasn't been enough shouting from the housetops about the fine comedy talents of Leo Carrillo, so here go a few skyrockets for him from the roof of the Lincoln Building, in which *LIFE* begins at 8:40 every morning. He's always the good, capable, ingratiating comedian—shall I say sweet—even when he's the Mexican villain. He shines delightfully in *The Winning Ticket*, one of the funniest knockabout family comedies for a long spell.

(Other comments on pages 2 and 46)

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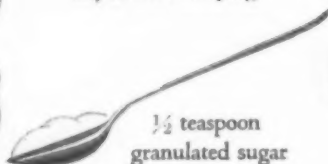
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1 jigger Bacardi

Shake well with
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and expect thanks,
applause.



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SPORTS IN REVIEW

BY PAUL GALICO

Basketball

THE poor innocent amateurs! Someone is always coming along and showing them how to make money. There wasn't a thin dime in tennis outside of what you could chisel on the expense account, or maybe syndicating a set of fake articles signed by the champion and written by the night sports make-up man between editions, until an ex-rubber named Jack O'Brien came out of the steam room of a former prizefighter's business man's gymnasium, signed up all the good amateurs, took them on tour and brought them back rolling in honest lucre.

Now a nice pink cheeked kid named Ned Irish who used to be a sports writer on the *World-Telegram* and did publicity on the side has come along and turned college basketball into a paying proposition by booking the best college games into Madison Square Garden, blowing it up with high pressure publicity, and in a series of eight double headers has drawn a little over one hundred and six thousand paid admissions. Crowds of fourteen and fifteen thousand a night jam the Gar-

den to see N.Y.U., Manhattan, Syracuse, Duquesne, Long Island City, etc. The colleges get a percentage, the Garden gets its rental and Mr. Irish gets the rest. Basketball is suddenly making DOUGH. Colleges are places where you are supposed to go to get smart, but they've been losing money on basketball for years. Right this minute, however, I'll wager that, having been shown how, the colleges are trying to figure out some way to give Mr. Irish the heave-o and keep ALL of the money. And if they aren't, Madison Square Garden is. No good will come of this. It's a great mistake to show the colleges anything that looks like ready cash. They don't get to handle it very often and it tends to make them dizzy and self-conscious. Look what a swell game football was until it turned into an industry.

Boxing

THE reasons professional boxing is in its present state of somnolence are briefly that the fighters cannot fight and when they get a match are usually too lazy to train, there are not enough really skilled and capable

"Hey, lay
off! That
bottled water
is for the
horses!"



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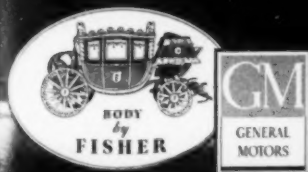
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Spring breezes with your finger tips!
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fighters in the whole country to make up a card of forty rounds of boxing, the judges and referees are worse than they have ever been before, the managers were never less inclined to turn an honest penny, the promoters have no imagination, the boxing commissions are politically hidebound, stupid and ignorant and the public goes to see the amateurs where for a dollar they can get five dollars worth of entertainment, whereas for five dollars the professionals give them fifteen cents worth of spectacle which is still too much to pay to see a couple of flat-nosed pugs wrap their arms about one another's necks and walk around the ring for a half hour.

Track

THE greatest mile runner in the world is Glenn Cunningham of Kansas, and I wish they would let him stay home and rest up for the Olympic Games, because we're going to need him. The American system of track meets with big name stars competing is swell for the promoters thereof, but sometimes the athletes get very tired. There was many an American runner at the last Olympic Games who found himself stale and burned out by too many trials and too much prelimi-

nary competition. Germany and Italy are loaded for bear in the forthcoming Olympic Games in 1936. It's a wonder we perform as well as we do in these International track meets since as soon as an athlete acquires any fame here there's a general rush by all hands to see how much money they can make out of him. The boys have been cleaning up on the Cunningham-Bonthron-Venzke triangle at the mile distance for two years just as they cleaned up on Nurmi when he made his famous tour of America.

A track expert told me the other evening that nine-tenths of the modern track records were bunk and that they were given mostly as the result of the officials and promoters of track meets desiring to record fast time made at THEIR meets and on THEIR tracks. He said that he doubted that anyone had ever run the hundred in nine and two fifths seconds, and damn few had ever run it in nine three.

Hockey

THE way the hockey play-off system sometimes works is this. The public supports a team. The team plays its head off throughout the season and finishes at the head of its league, undisputed champions. But a



"Whatever you do, never touch any papers!"

third or fourth place team that has been loafing along, gets into the playoffs. The team that worked the hardest to top its division is worn out and frazzled at the end of the season. The third or fourth place team puts on a terrific spurt in the playoffs, breezes through and wins the championship. The home team that deserved to win through sustained effort is bilked out of the title, and so are the patrons who supported it. The playoff games are more exciting than the regular league games, it's true, but the prices go up and the speculators get all the tickets. The promoters get all the money. The public gets the usual hand embroidered gunnysack to hold.

Sad Note

IN the final match of the world's table tennis championship, held recently in London and won by a Mr. Barna of Hungary, the loser, Mr. Szabados also of Hungary, fell during the second set and cut his right hand. When WILL those ping pong players awaken to the dangers of the game and wear body armor?

Tennis

HUNGARY has made seductive offers to Gene Mako, college tennis star of Hungarian parentage to come to Hungary and play on the Hungarian Davis Cup team, offering job, education and decorations. Mr. Mako is a sucker if he doesn't go. What Mr. Mako will get from our Davis Cup Committee is a chance to wear himself out to the point of a physical breakdown at his own expense, a good panning from the newspapers and the tennis coaches if he loses an important match, and a tossing out of the press box at the Forest Hills matches if he should happen to turn professional later and try to come back to see his former buddies play.

(Other notes on page 46)

+

Scrambled Movie Stars

(From page 28)

(1) Arliss, (2) Garbo, (3) Dietrich, (4) Fairbanks, (5) Pickford, (6) Hardy, (7) Chaplin, (8) Rogers, (9) Fields, (10) Cooper, (11) Crawford, (12) Montgomery, (13) Brook, (14) Tracy, (15) Swanson, (16) Barrymore, (17) Shearer, (18) March, (19) Sten, (20) Oliver, (21) Beery, (22) Colbert, (23) Powell, (24) Cortez, (25) Colman, (26) Novarro, (27) Baxter, (28) Hayes, (29) Durante, (30) Gable, (31) Lowe, (32) McLaglen, (33) Cagney, (34) Landi, (35) Harding.



Try it in an Old Fashioned — it goes further

John Jameson *GOES FURTHER* for 2 reasons: It has a higher proof; and has more body and fuller flavour than many other whiskies.

Its body and flavour are due to the *directness* with which it is made. Barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat and oats compose it—and nothing else whatever (except Water and Time). It is distilled by the traditional pot still

method—and distilled perfectly since we have had 150 years' experience. Then it is aged 7 years in the wood. Finally, John Jameson whiskies older than 7 years are added to it—which is why U. S. regulations require us to call it a "blend". SO—being stronger, with more body and more flavour, a bottle lasts longer—goes further. Will you try a bottle and test its economy and its goodness?

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CONTENTS NOTED

BY KYLE CRICHTON



THE realization that brightness and cleverness are not important is the beginning of wisdom. It is equally true, as I have said before, that ridicule is the most overrated of weapons, having more effectiveness in bolstering the confidence of the wielder than in destroying the victim. What brings me to such thoughts is the remarkable book by Vincent Sheean, *Personal History* (Doubleday, Doran). Since it has been widely praised by others, I may be held vainglorious if I say that it is a book I should like to have written, but my words are a testimonial to the fact that Sheean has probed into his own being and unleafed the soul of a war-generation individual who might be any one of us.

It was the Chinese Revolution of 1927 which altered his life and gives to his book the importance I am trying to describe. He was in the thick of it with Madame Sun Yat-Sen and Chiang Kai-shek, who sold out the revolution at the eleventh hour and won the admiration of the imperialistic world by butchering thousands of his former associates, but it is in his friendship with Rayna Prohme, the Chicago girl who had become a revolutionary, that the book reaches a peak which is unrivalled in recent literature.

The passages on their discussions present with almost clairvoyant exactitude the soul struggles of thousands of middle-class intellectuals today. In the midst of it Rayna dies of inflammation of the brain, literally burning up from the intensity of her zeal.

"What is needed is the long view," says Borodin, deeply moved and controlling his voice with difficulty. The words were to come back to Sheean later. He escapes into his old life completely, seeing it in decay on all fronts, culturally, morally, economically, but not fit for any other existence. It is when he comes out of the Holy Land, with its Jewish Fascist state playing the imperial game for Britain, that he knows the long view is salvation for him.

Always Rich

THE temptation to write about Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s *Farewell to Fifth Avenue* (Simon and Schuster) is almost irresistible but I desist because he is too easy game. The daily reviewers sat on the young man and it would be simple to remove his epidermis inch by inch but there is little use of it. Fifth Avenue, as a social idea, is dead and will not be revived. Young Neily is as caustic about its inanities as I might be and if there are people on Park Avenue who feel that life will never be complete until they



"For Pete's sake, Chief, the composing room says the big trial transcript has twenty-eight more answers than questions!"

are received on Fifth Avenue, it is only possible to say that there comes a time in the history of nations when it is of little credit to be on either Park or Fifth. Furthermore, after writing about a Sheean, it is sacrilegious to speak of a Vanderbilt.

Mr. Nash—Genius?

BY this time it is generally conceded that Ogden Nash, if not a genius, at least got hold of an entrancing idea, which is easily imitated but not readily equalled. His latest is *The Primrose Path* (Simon and Schuster) and it has proved so provocative to all interested parties that reviews of it have appeared in rhyme of a similar sort and there have been expressions of appreciation which must be embarrassing to the young man. Since I belong among the admirers, I am risking the suggestion that he is wasting a great part of his opportunity by reason of the subjects he tackles. Out of the book there is one poem which will stick with me, *Civilization is Constant Vexation*, biting commentary on the witty Continentals who have remarked that "America is the only country in history that has passed directly from barbarism to decadence without passing through civilization at all." Mr. Nash replies that the Europe which uses one war as the prelude for the next is welcome to its claim of civilization. Nash has the makings of a fine social critic but he is in danger of throwing it away.

Among These Lice

THE title may frighten you and the author's wisecracks are not always what they might be but Hans Zinsser's *Rats, Lice and History* (Little, Brown) is an interesting book. Instead of considering history from the point of economics or heroic generals, Dr. Zinsser elevates the humble louse to a position of world eminence. According to him battles were won and nations rose and fell by reason of their health. He maintains, for example, that the Poles were able to save Europe from Bolshevism because they threw up a sanitary cordon which halted the disease-ridden Soviet forces. But the Communists could withstand the armies of the world despite a loss of 25,000,000 people from typhus during the period of intervention following the Revolution. Having pressed all his other points beyond their meaning, the doctor fails to press this one, and his thesis collapses under him, ingenious but short of profound.

(Other notes on page 46)

**TRIFLE STRONGER
LITTLE DRYER
MUCH BETTER**

that's
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THE ARISTOCRAT OF VERMOUTHS



SINCE 1835

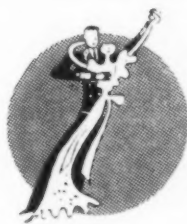
Blends good ingredients into better drinks. TWO STYLES—Cora Italian Vermouth, made in Italy; Cora French (dry) Vermouth, made in France.

Try the Cora Continental

Use highball glass—1 jigger Italian, 1 jigger French, twist of lemon peel dropped in glass, lump of ice, dash of seltzer.

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FACULTY MINDS

"A COLLEGE dean is a man who doesn't know enough to be a professor, but who is too smart to be a president."—Pres. Robert C. Clotier, Rutgers.

+

"Cooking is the finest of the fine arts."—Prof. L. J. Henderson, Biochemistry, Harvard.

+

"A certain amount of drinking is a very good thing."—Prof. Pepper, Philosophy, Univ. of Cal.

+

"I feel that progress is being made when people agree with my ideas."—Prof. H. A. Wichelm, Public Speaking, Cornell.

+

"The successful lawyer is one who gets the most clients somehow, somewhere, in any way."—Prof. Gallego, Law, Univ. of Manila, Manila, P. I.

+

"It is not immoral to see the Lunts in an immoral play because they are married."—Prof. Ernest B. Watson, English, Dartmouth.

+

"All dancing, aesthetic included, is but a perverted form of sex display."—Prof. Coleman R. Griffith, Mental Hygiene, Univ. of Ill.

+

"Save when you're young so you can buy things you can't use when you're old."—Prof. F. P. Woellner, Education, U. C. L. A.

+

"Purdue students know less of the world about them than any other group of students in mid-western colleges."—Prof. Paul Lull, English, Purdue.

+

"Rachmaninoff writes music that is typical of Rachmaninoff."—Prof. H. R. Pratt, Music, Univ. of Va.

+

[Undergraduates are invited to contribute to this department. Two dollars each will be paid for acceptable items. Address Faculty Minds, care of LIFE.]



ARE YOU SURE?

(Questions on pages 25 and 28)

1. McCallum Stockings
2. The trek was long and arduous
3. \$24.00 (pre-Depression price)
4. Notre Dame, Missouri
5. One-cent
6. Reno
7. Police chief
8. U. S. Navy (remember the sea-plane N-C 4?)
9. *It's A Long Way To Tipperary*
10. Legendary reindeer (S. Claus)
11. Maine (only New Hampshire)
12. Paramount News
13. Philadelphia
14. Francis Scott Key
15. -32 (authority: U. S. Weather Bureau)
16. Malcolm Campbell
17. Bing Crosby
18. Martini
19. Mormon
20. Flindin
21. Artist (look on p. 6)
22. Bon Ami (you must remember the chick)
23. Diphtheria
24. Newsreel
25. State and municipal employees
26. An extraordinary dunce
27. Newspaper editor
28. Rocky Mountain watershed
29. Hopkins, Appleby, Ainsworth
30. Alexander Woollcott
31. Jimmy (ask grandpa about his baffy)
32. Twelve
33. Percy Crosby
34. Catholics
35. *President Cleveland*
36. Ana-tur
37. Makes short hit to infield
38. Nash (Lafayette)
39. Front left and rear right legs
40. Grapes
41. San Francisco
42. North Dakota, Alabama
43. Davison
44. Send out for a bucket of beer
45. Los Angeles, Graf Zeppelin (both German made)
46. Al Jolson
47. *Collier's*
48. Liggett & Meyers Co.
49. Atlantic City
50. Hearst and Ford

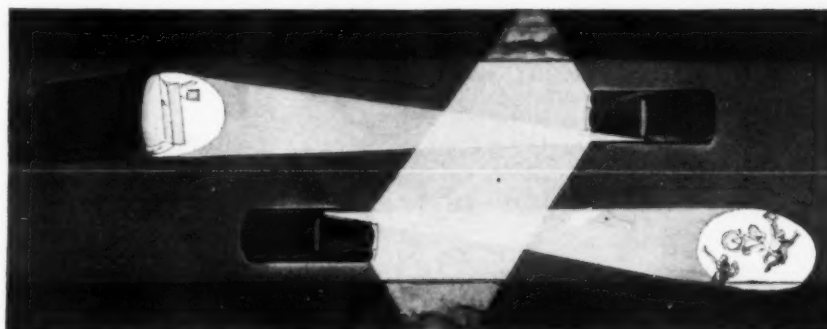
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SYMPTOM OF PROGRESS

[From *News-Week*]

In New York the National Puzzlers League "discovered" a new longest word in the English language—"antielectrophotomicrographically." This threw "antidisestablishmentarianism" into second place.

YOU NEED A *Rifle* AS WELL AS A SHOTGUN FOR NIGHT DRIVING



SAFETYLIGHT is a scientific lighting achievement and is not to be confused with small, weak "spotlights." **SAFETYLIGHT** is a super-development of the famous **Spotlight**, over a million of which are in use. **SAFETYLIGHT** is approved by car manufacturers and sold for all cars by car dealers everywhere. Standard size, \$16. Super-size (the world's most powerful automobile light) \$20.



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3. **SAFETYLIGHT** turns in any direction to spot street and road signs, house numbers, etc.—a great convenience. Have your car dealer install **SAFETYLIGHT** on your new car, or your present car, and you'll never again worry about night driving. If, by chance, he doesn't have **SAFETYLIGHT**, order direct, giving car make, year, model. **UNITY MANUFACTURING CO.**, 2909 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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(Canadian and foreign \$2.10)

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14

"STOP & GO"

(Continued from page 2)

Merle Oberon, in a rather diffused, trite and stuffy costume story about a British aristocrat who puts on a false face and rescues French nobility from the guillotine in days of the Revolution.

The Winning Ticket. Excruciatingly delicious agony that follows when a baby misplaces a winning sweepstakes ticket. Immense insanity led by Leo Carrillo.

Wings in the Dark. With a Seeing (Alexander Woolcott) Eye dog on terra firma and a sensitive instrument board in the air, blind aviator Cary Grant gets around nicely, and even goes so far as to fly up and rescue his lovely fellow aviator, Myrna Loy, from a fog.

SPORTS

Paul Gallico

Boxing: March 15, Madison Square Garden, New York, Ray Impelletiere vs. Primo Carnera. Stumbling match between two big boys one of whom can't fight and the other of whom won't. Carnera still can't punch and Impelletiere still has characteristics of a Great Dane. He looks fierce but wants to crawl up into your lap.

Hockey: March 21, Madison Square Garden New York. First of the hockey playoffs in which the champions who have been playing for three months do it all over again, only rougher. It's a scheme to extract your money in exchange for a peek at public assault and battery with knives, rough and tumble, free for all and mayhem.

March 24, Madison Square Garden. Second hockey playoff. More of the same. All those who had only one arm or leg broken the first night return for further fractures.

Skating: March 27, Madison Square Garden, New York. Night Skating Carnival. Very pretty and graceful with illuminated ice, graceful skaters, music and society.

Boxing: March 29, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Boxing show. Athletes not yet scheduled. Chances are even if the fights are good, the officials will ruin the evening with bad decisions.

Hockey: March 30-31, Madison Square Garden, New York City. More hockey playoffs. Maybe you don't like hockey. Games by this time played on crutches and out of wheel chairs.

Golf: April 1, Pinehurst, N. C. North and South Amateur Golf Championship. The young rich guys who have been South for the winter start North, and work further kinks out of their backswings on the way up.

Wrestling: April 1, Madison Square Garden, New York. Wrestling: Haw haw haw! April Fool.

Golf: April 4, Augusta, Ga. Masters Open Tournament, at National Links, three days. Beg, borrow or steal your way down there. An al fresco mixture of golf and corn likker, competition and southern hospitality, and the one tournament of the year played by the great Robert Tyre Jones. "Sweet Dado-line," in the locker room promptly at 5:30 P.M. every afternoon.

Baseball: April 16, Yankee Stadium, New York City. The Yankees open the new baseball season with the Boston Red Sox and minus Babe Ruth.

April 16, Boston, Mass. The New York Giants open with the Braves. First chance to see if Manager Bill Terry has plugged up the holes out of which the National League pennant leaked last year.

April 16, Philadelphia, Pa. Brooklyn Dodgers open with Philadelphia: Sorry, but no matter where you put it, it's still Brooklyn. The club hasn't spent a dime in ten years.

Horse Racing: April 20, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y. The horses come back to the Metropolitan district. You know what I mean by "Caution." The bookmakers aren't in business for YOUR health.

May 4, Louisville, Kentucky. The Kentucky Derby, America's greatest horse race and daffy house. If you can't get someone to invite you to his house, make your reservations early, forget about eating, and look out that they don't send up a mint julep made with Scotch whiskey.

BOOKS

Kyle Crichton

Farewell to Fifth Avenue, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (*Simon and Schuster*). It is difficult to tell whether Neily has the right instincts and no brains or vice versa. He says many shrewd things about the silly life among his old friends, but the book is worthless either as information or personal history.

Forget If You Can, by John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). He had a past, she had a past—they both thought they could forget. But you know how it is. . . . It is awful.

Land of Promise, by Leo Lania (*Macmillan*). The tragedy of the Jewish race written by one who understands its importance and makes a grand story of it. The love story is beautiful.

Lean Men, by Ralph Bates (*Macmillan*). Rather soon it will be admitted that the best writing is about something worth writing about. This, of the Spanish Revolution, has even won the reactionary critics.

Partners in Plunder, by J. B. Matthews and R. E. Shallcross (*Covici-Friede*). Another in the manner of *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* and *Skin Deep* and with the punches flying just as fast.

Personal History, by Vincent Sheean (*Doubleday*). The finest book of many months by a correspondent who

combines swashbuckling adventure with sound thinking about the plight of us all. Very enthusiastically recommended.

Rats, Lice and History, by Hans Zinsser (*Little, Brown*). The author's theory that history has been more influenced by disease than by military strategy is interesting enough but he tries to prove that every act of Congress is caused by somebody's tummy ache.

Road of Ages, by Robert Nathan (*Knopf*). The polite irony which made nonsense of the theme of unemployment in *One More Spring* is now trifling with the fate of the Jewish race.

The Black Consul, by Anatolii Vinogradov (*Viking*). The story of Toussaint L'Overture, who conquered Haiti when he found that the French wanted liberty, equality and fraternity for everybody but the blacks.

The Doctor's Son and other stories, by John O'Hara (*Harcourt*). Brilliant writing on themes which often don't deserve it and a fine title story about the influenza epidemic, a great subject rarely referred to in fiction.

The Primrose Path, by Ogden Nash (*Simon and Schuster*). The young man started something when he began that form of verse. Some of his best examples are in this new book. Constant LIFE readers will recognize several.

RADIO

[All schedules P.M., E.S.T.]

Alexander Woolcott. The Town Crier has been tending toward effiteness lately. Ol' dabil Radio gets 'em all. 7:00, *Sun.*, CBS, *Cream of Wheat*.

Beatrice Lillie. Lady Peel is beginning to pad her material a bit, too. A pity. 9:00, *Fri.*, NBC, *Borden's*.

Burns & Allen. Dizzy Gracie continues to hold a large audience. 9:30, *Wed.*, CBS, *General Cigar*.

Capt. Henry's Showboat. Favorite old and new tunes and good singing and perhaps the worst black-face team in existence. 9:00, *Thurs.*, NBC, *Maxwell House Coffee*.

Easy Aces. Back on an evening schedule and recommended for listeners who like to follow continuities. 7:30, *Mon.*, *Tues.*, *Wed.*, NBC, *American Home Products*.

Eddie Cantor. Parkyakakas provides the only laughs on a program spoiled by Cantor's obvious sob campaigns for better appreciation of policemen, firemen, school teachers and other martyrs. The fan mail must be colossal. 8:00, *Sun.*, CBS, *Pebecco*.

Ed Wynn. Why doesn't he get back on Broadway and give Joe Miller a little peace and quiet? 9:30, *Tues.*, NBC, *Texaco*.

Fred Allen. Still among the best despite the amateur portion of the program. 9:00, *Wed.*, NBC, *Ipana-Sol Hepatica*.

Fred Waring. Quiet and pleasing harmony for jittery tuner-inners. 9:30, Thurs., CBS, Ford.

Jack Benny. He came out ahead in a nation-wide poll which is okay with this department. 7:00, Sun., NBC, Jell-O.

Jack Pearl. An A-1 stage comedian hampered on the air by phooey material. 10:00, Wed., CBS, Frigidaire.

Joe Penner. I'd forestall lots of arguments if I gave this yellow or green but honest, mister, I can't do it. 7:30, Sun., NBC, Standard Brands.

March of Time. More fun than reading a newspaper, more exciting than a newsreel. 9:00, Fri., CBS, Remington Rand.

Radio Theatre. Something to make Sunday afternoon worth living through. Broadway stage hits and very fine stuff. 2:30, Sun., NBC, Lux.

Rudy Vallée. Probably the best of the variety programs in spite of Dr. Lee's inspiring talks. 8:00, Wed., NBC, Fleischmann's Yeast.

Sigmund Romberg. Nice music, and Prof. Phelps to tell you how to eat breakfast and otherwise get more out of life. 8:00, Sat., NBC, Swift.

Walter Winchell. Flashes for those who like Public Peeper No. 1's newspaper columns. 9:30, Sun., NBC, Jergen's.

—G. W.

RECORDS

Chant of the Weed. Don Redman's swell theme song given the super Kostelanetz treatment with blended orchestra and voice. A nifty rumba fantasy backs it. (Victor)

Garden of Weed. Screwly instrumentation and screwy composition by the Anglo-American Negro Reginald Forsythe and his New Music. (Colum-

bia). Roy Fox does it more conventionally for Decca.

On The Good Ship Lollipop. All that Betty Boop-Helen Kane school of baby talk and singing has been a pain in our neck for many a year, and here is a new outburst to torture us. Mae Questel, one of the many boop imitators, records this half-wit stuff. Lean over, place hand on forehead. (Decca)

Night Wind and I Believe in Miracles. Fats Waller rings the bell again. And you wouldn't believe an organ could be so good. (Victor)

Lullaby of Broadway. Dick Powell has a darn good voice and here is a darn good tune and we like it. (Brunswick)

Throwin' Stones at the Sun. Bob Howard is Decca's Fats Waller. Piano à la Harlem, vocal à la Armstrong and comments à la Waller-Armstrong. Stop us before we run over.

You're the Top. This is a *You're the Top* to end all *You're the Tops*, and sports every chorus you ever heard plus all of Decca's vocalists. Swell hot tenor sax spasms.

Davenport Blues, Sugar, Riverboat Shuffle, Somebody Loves Me. Bass-saxist Adrian Rollini has assembled some of the greatest living jazzmen in these faultless transcriptions of time-tried tunes. For connoisseurs. (Decca)

¶Pinky Tomlin is being given the works at Brunswick as is Victor building up Al Bowlly, of Ray Noble vocal fame. For them what like it.

¶Two issues ago we did somewhat of an injustice to Arthur Schwartz in crediting his able lyric-writer, Howard Dietz, with the score of *Revenge With Music*. Our hats have been continuously off to Mr. Schwartz for his superb music for such as *The Band Wagon*, *Flying Colors*, and *Revenge*. He's the top.

—J. A. T.

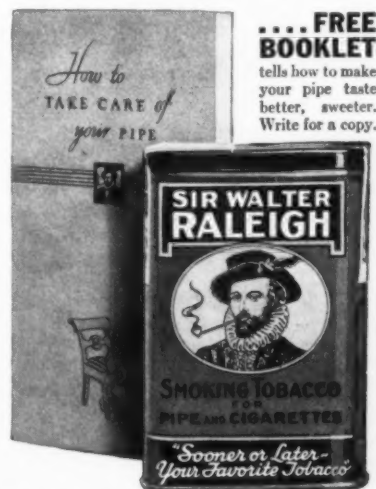
"LET 'IM DROP BOYS, IT'S A FALSE ALARM!"



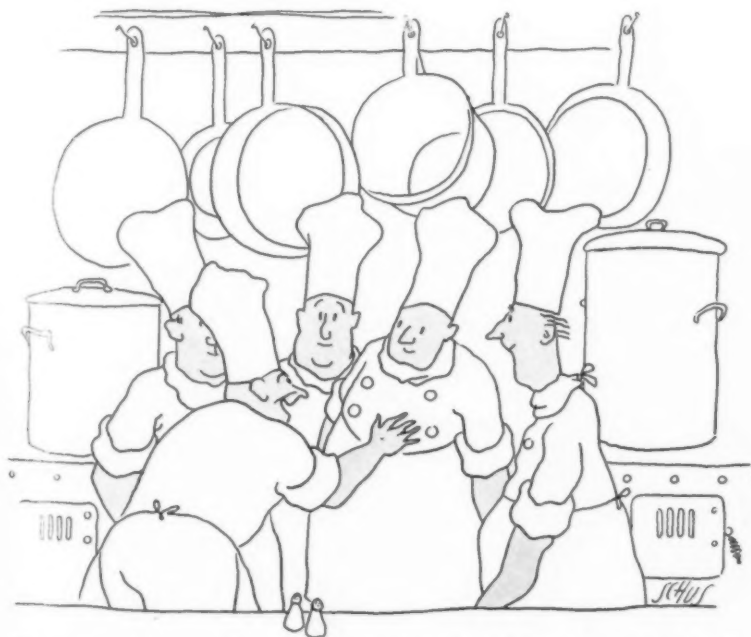
RIGHT, men. No innocent little blaze could produce fumes as overpowering as that stewy pipe and villainous tobacco.

Some men are like that: they smoke too-strong tobacco in a never-cleaned pipe until they haven't a friend left. Fortunately, the number of Sir Walter Raleigh fans grows by the hour: men who keep their briars tidy; men who prefer this mild blend of Kentucky Burleys that is calm on the tongue, tempting to the nose. There's a tin kept fresh for you in heavy gold foil at your dealer's. Try it—and Sir Walter will have another friend!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



"It's all set, then—we'll go on a picnic and the girls will bring the lunch."

Camp Coaquannock Belgrade Lakes Maine For girls from six to sixteen



WHEN parents discuss camp for their daughters one question is bound to arise, "Will she be safe in camp?" Coaquannock answers, "Yes."

In the water, a Red Cross Life Saver is provided for every four girls, always—and in other activities, each carefully selected counselor is personally responsible for only three girls.

The staff includes a graduate dietitian and a graduate nurse and the athletics are under the supervision of graduates of the best schools of physical education and hygiene.

Camp Coaquannock

aims above all else to promote sturdiness of health and character, self-reliance and leadership. Unselfishness and cooperation are encouraged and a community life and sense of responsibility are developed. And where better to learn these things than in the great outdoors, living a natural, simple and joyous life?

- Limited enrollment—daily horseback riding for every girl—all land and water sports, dramatics, crafts, music and dancing—under the supervision of college graduates. Excellent food—tents and bungalows—modern sanitation. No extras. Strictly Christian clientele.

Send for booklet

ELSA M. ALLARD, Director
Chatsworth Gardens, Larchmont, N. Y.



QUEERESPONDENCE

QUEERY: Is it possible to replace a pulled-out pajama cord?—Charles E. Tripp, Cleveland, Ohio.

Response: Some say this and some say that but this department never obtained proof that any cord has ever been properly replaced in pajama trousers. The problem would never come up if laundries—never mind; skip it.

A man named Bayne Hobart once invented a pajama cord replacer which he called a Pajama Cord Replacer and it was all right in theory but never worked. The idea was to stretch the pajama cord seam out in a straight line and shoot the cord through it with a device similar to a bow and arrow, or a Coast Guard breeches buoy apparatus. Out of 10,000 tests made with this gadget, not one succeeded. The projectile to which the cord was attached invariably made a hole in the seam when halfway through and sailed across the testing laboratory with the cord trailing behind it.

Frustrated, Mr. Hobart turned his attention to another project (a photo chemical that will cause banquet group

flashlight pictures to disintegrate after ten days) and the Pajama Cord Replacer is now in the limbo of sardine can keys and other useless inventions.

Members of this department use pajama cords for neckties and comply with the dictionary definition of pajamas which is: "a sleeping suit consisting of a jacket and a loose pair of trousers."

QUEERY: Did a host, pouring out a drink for a guest, ever stop pouring immediately when asked to do so?—Bernard Edelstein, Roxbury, Mass.

Answer: The perfect host—a bachelor—was discovered by this department last summer living in a Jersey town which, for lack of a better name, everybody has to call Nutley.

When his dinner guests arrive they are served exactly two cocktails each and the so-called "dividends" are removed to the pantry where they are consumed by Fui, the houseboy, when it is no longer necessary for him to draw a sober hiss. Dinner is served pre-

+
"Yoo-hoo!
I love
you!"
+



cisely at seven and late arrivals are compelled to forego cocktails and start dinner at the point to which it has progressed, which may be anywhere from soup to nuts. It has been the nuts for a good many tardy people.

The host has everything passed just once, he announces that the coffee is 99 per cent caffeine and not to drink it "if you won't sleep a wink," and guests can take their desserts or leave them—the host doesn't care, and says so. There is an optional liqueur after dinner and maybe a highball or two, but if a guest asks for a small one, it's *small*.

There are no parlor games unless everybody's willing, and the host usually pawns at 10 o'clock and goes to bed, leaving the guests to do as they please.

What a contrast this makes with the average host, who, from the time he waggles the shaker in his ear and cries "There's a dividend here, folks!" until the guests all lurch home, Planter's Punch drunk at 2 a.m., insists that the evening be one of compulsory over-indulgence.

Embarrassing as it may prove to be, the only way you can stop a host from pouring you drinks is suddenly to begin yelling loudly and breaking glasses, which will start you home promptly. That's where you ought to be anyway, you wet blanket.

TELEGRAPH query:

REGISTERED NOME HOTEL
BISMARCK KANSAS TODAY STOP BELLHOP CARRIED BAGS TO ROOM COMMA DISAPPEARED WHILE I FUMBLING IN POCKET FOR TIP STOP WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED TO THIS BOY QUESTION MARK WIRE OPINION IMMEDIATELY E F MCCAN MISSOULA MONTANA

Reply (collect):

CASE STRANGELY SIMILAR TO THAT OF CHICAGO BELLHOP WHOSE DISAPPEARANCE WAS FINALLY TRACED TO LOBBY FOUR STORIES BELOW WHERE SOMEONE HAD DROPPED QUARTER ON MARBLE FLOOR STOP IN THIS CASE DONT OVERLOOK FOUL PLAY COMMA AMNESIA OR OTHER MENTAL DISTURBANCE STOP TOLEDO BELLHOP ONCE THOUGHT HE WAS ROCKEFELLER AND GAVE GUESTS DIMES UNTIL STRAPPED UP IN MESS JACKET AND TAKEN AWAY STOP LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU WILL HAVE TO OPEN WINDOW AND TAKE KEY OUT OF DOOR YOURSELF

QUEERY: Did any garden fan ever admit that his or her horticultural display was okay at any given time?—Daphne Bovard, Berkeley, Cal.

Answer: No, and this is indeed a timely question inasmuch as most of us

will soon begin to week-end with garden fiends who will spend three quarters of the time apologizing for the condition of their flower gardens.

The trouble with the true garden fan is that, no matter how nice the garden looks to the visitor, it's a veritable city dump to hear the cultivator tell about it. The only Garden that ever seems to be in shape

is Madison Square, where cauliflower cars always bloom.

An unidentified city dweller is now spending the rest of his life in an asylum for having obeyed the impulse common to all urbanites. Last summer this martyr accepted an invitation to spend a week-end in the country, and, with some idea of preventing any garden discussion, took along a .38 automatic and a trunk crammed full of artificial flowers.

Early in the morning of the first night in the country the guest crept down into the garden and spent three hours planting the artificial flowers. When he finished the place was an exquisite Eden, a paradise of color.

Next morning, however, when the guest and host wandered out into the garden, the inevitable happened. The guest, grimly patting the .38 in his pocket, remarked that the garden looked "very nice" and the host replied: "The hyacinths and daffodils aren't bad but in a week or so, when the tulips and irises come on, it will begin to look like something. I wish you could have come down before the zinnias faded. When the crocuses—" BANG!

The word "crocus" was the guest's cue, and when police found him he was tearing out his hair with a weeder and muttering, "I got the ire out of iris; I got daffy from daffodil. You garden fans are impossible. What gets zinnias, anyhow?"

Questions should be addressed to Queerespondence, care of LIFE. Five-dollar checks for those used will be promptly mailed.

—G. W.



D. O. M

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• It should be comfortable

—a place where you can rest luxuriously between business and social appointments. A place that gives you a perfect bed and instant, understanding service and delightful restaurants and a gracious lobby.

• It should be smart

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WITH A HEY HEY NONNY



SWEET charity, what crimes are committed in thy name! In spite of all I could do, the New Century Club has again decided to give a fête for the benefit of the S.P.C.C., and picked me to direct the dance

numbers. Every year the same thing happens; at the first sign of spring, all the dowagers in the country get an overwhelming urge to drape their chassis in cheesecloth, leap out and crush the violets under their bare toes.

According to Ruth St. Dennis, everybody has the spirit of the dance in them; all that is needed is to bring it out. Right ho, Ruth, but after you've brought it out what have you got? In the name of beauty, I demand that there be an age and weight limit in this business of torso tossing! Knock-kneed Dianas and bunioned Bacchuses would be better off at home expressing themselves with art needlework.

There are very, very few women who can float around swathed in chiffon, looking like Autumn Leaves instead of perfect chumps. Possibly I'm bitter about the whole thing because as an interpretive dancer I was always a frost myself. I started taking lessons at an early age, and have never yet successfully interpreted anything except once at a Pageant of Victory when I stepped on a yellow jacket.

Before taking lessons, it was my naïve impression that one danced with one's feet. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It's souls, not soles, that do the trick. Being a literal minded person, it was my inclination when playing Pierrot suffering the pangs of love, to glide about with my hand to my heart, roll my eyes up and sigh. But in interpretive dancing that sort of thing is absolutely taboo. You have to feel in your soul that you are Pierrot and then project your soul. Other people may have their souls under control, but I never could do a damn thing with mine. On the few occasions when I did manage to dig it up out of the deep, it was never Pierrot; generally something that resembled a crawfish or turtle.

This heavy accent on Soul may be all very well for solos, but it certainly

wrecks the ensembles. In our class we couldn't get any real team work because somebody was always having the wrong reactions. Mrs. Smythe, for example, who went Sidney Franklin on us whenever we did "Europa and the Bull"; and one Vassar grad, vintage of '93, who could feel the Water Lily opening but never could get it closed.

Still, though my years of interpretive dancing did little for me aesthetically, they did teach me to keep a cool head in emergencies. I shall never forget the first time I found myself in a small room surrounded by dance-mad Colonial Dames doing "Butterflies in the Wind"! What an experience! A few lessons, however, and I was able to dodge the falling bodies with ease.

They also forced me to conclude that there's truth in the theory that women have no sense of humor. In my mind's eye I can still see scrawny Apollos solemnly fleeing from the storm with two hundred pound Daphnes under their arms. Many's the time I longed for a candid camera! Believe me, there is no better way to develop a fool-proof poker face than mingling a bit with the interpretive lassies.

THE smoothest p.f. I ever encountered belonged to a Connecticut farmer named Bramble who lived next door to a summer camp conducted by my dancing teacher. I spent one August there with fifty other cheesecloth clad debutantes and dowagers, living the simple life and rhythming daily on the greensward. One of the delightful features of the camp was the outdoor bathing arrangement. There were a lot of showers strung up under the trees, and each morn at seven we girls went down in a body, shed the cheesecloth and had a nice scrub.

One day we were all splashing away under the showers, when out of the woods came Bramble with a rope in his hand and a big quid of tobacco in his cheek. The sight he saw was enough to give the poor devil a stroke! But he never even turned a hair. "Good morning," he said, politely removing his chaw. "Have you ladies seen anything of a couple of Guernsey cows?"

—MARGE

MERCY ON US!

It would be easier for me
To oust you from my harassed mind
And gain my old tranquillity,
If you were also thus inclined.

—M. F.

YOU'RE THE TOP

As they sat down she murmured, almost to herself, "I'm an eclipsed sun, just a farmer's plowed-under crop." Puzzled, he stared at her, moving his lips silently as he turned the sentence over in his mind. Then he smiled triumphantly. "I know! But if—baby—I'm the bottom, You're the top!" He leaned closer. "That's a new one on me. I've heard all of Cole Porter's lyrics, and I don't remember that line."

She smiled self-consciously. "It's my own."

"Oh!" There was new respect in his gaze. "I didn't know you wrote song lyrics. Let's hear the whole thing."

"Oh, but really, I don't—"

"Now, come on. If it's all as good as that line—" The stronger, masculine will conquered.

"I won't sing it," she said. "I'll just say the words:

"You're the top,
You're a bird in the ha-and,
You're the top,
You're Rudy Vallée's ba-and,
You're as beautiful as a white sea-gull in flight,
You are Arthur Brisbane,

You've got his brain,
You're Aphrodite!"

She paused. "That's a Greek goddess," she explained proudly. "Aphrodite." He nodded, and she went on.

"You're so grand,
You're my only vi-ice,
You're the sand

On the beach at Ni-ice—' And you know the last two lines." She looked at him anxiously. "Do you like it? I really think it has something—well, it's kind of different, you know."

Solemnly he stared at the floor, his brow wrinkled with the effort involved in appraising a work of art. "I think," he said deliberately, "that's as good as any of the lyrics Porter wrote." The smile left her face; hastily he amended judgment. "In fact I think it's better."

She brightened. "Do you really? You know, some people think it's easy to write lyrics, but it isn't. It's something that's born in you, a sort of native talent for rhyme. Do you know what I mean?"

He nodded admiringly. "You're awfully clever," he said.

"Oh, you can't take credit for what's born in you," she said with a modest laugh. "I'm just lucky. Would you like to hear my parody of *Trees*?"

—S. A. TANNENBAUM



"You mean I did all this?"



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+ SUCH IS LIFE +

REGINALD MARSH used thirty eggs to paint "Gaiety Burlesque," because, with other contemporary American artists, he is interested in the revival of ancient egg tempera painting. He uses about an egg a day when painting. With this mixture colors do not fade over the course of years.

Marsh resents the title "burlesque painter" sometimes applied to him; actually he has done only ten of these canvases. His other paintings range in subject from railway stations to water-fronts. The "audiences" in his burlesque house paintings are mostly imaginary, although he sometimes hires a bum to come in and pose for one of the gaping faces. He makes quick little sketches in the theatre, accurately noting down the gilt and rococo and costumes, then comes back to his studio to work slowly the scattered drawings into a whole composition.

Born in Paris, the son of painter Fred Dana Marsh, he was brought here in 1902, aged three. He prepped at Lawrenceville and graduated from Yale, where he art-edited the *Record*, and for three years was a staff illustrator on the *New York Daily News*. He was also one of the first cartoonists to contribute to the *New Yorker*.

Chunky and bald, Marsh has his studio down on 14th street in a building which resembles the tenements he sometimes paints. City raised and bred, he feels he must have human beings in his pictures. Happiness to him is a stroll among the crowds on 14th street or Coney Island on a hot July night, with a sketch book.

LIFE invented and presented the first modeled and color-photographed cover, back in September, 1932. Fourteen subsequent covers were executed by Lester Gaba in this medium. Magazines to follow and use the stunt up to the present date include: *Liberty*, *Vanity Fair*, *College Humor*, *Collier's*, *Real America* and *Esquire*.

With so many cigarette testimonials going the rounds we made a private survey and are now more bewildered than ever. Ogden Nash sticks to Lucky Strikes; Paul Gallico, Virginia Rounds; George Jean Nathan, Chesterfields, and Don Herold is a non-smoker. The editorial department seems to like Phil-

lip Morris and Luckies, the circulation department Old Golds, and the advertising gentlemen Chesterfields. The business department stays with Luckies but Kyle Crichton goes with Roosevelt on Camels as do most of LIFE's artists, giving the paper that noticeable lift—or is it list?

If you have a puppy or kitten that's tired of popping toy balloons, put it in an empty bathtub with a ping-pong ball. It saves wear and tear on your shoes, carpets and chair legs.

The titles with which we are burdened bewilder us considerably. Letters we have found on our desk have been addressed variously to the Poetry Editor, Music Editor, Joke Editor, Fiction Editor, Religious Editor, and, for some reason we can't fathom, the Real Estate Editor.

An Editor of *Time* scored an 86 on one of the *Are You Sure?* sets of questions. No one has yet bettered this, but it has been duplicated several times. Most readers seem to score between 50 and 70.

A reader in Lithuania writes: "Please send me your hebdomadary newspaper." Funk & Wagnalls says hebdomadary means "occurring weekly."... Dr. Sears of the Psychology Department, University of Illinois, is reported to have remarked, upon seeing one of his sayings published in *Faculty Minds*: "I wish I'd known before. For two bucks I can make better cracks than that."

—THE EDITORS



Reginald
Marsh